

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hymns, written and adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year. By the Right Rev. REGINALD HEBER, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 8vo. pp. 166. London, 1827. Murray.

EVERY thing bearing the name, or connected with the memory, of Bishop Heber, has something of sacredness to our hearts. In our modern days, no character has presented itself with so many claims on our affections. The poet, with all the sensibilities of heart and deep glowing feelings that are attached to the character, the Christian minister fulfilling his humblest duties with a sweetness and holiness of spirit that exalt them into devotion, and, lastly, the bishop and the missionary united, concentrating in one the dignity, the firmness, and wisdom necessary to the former, with the self-abandonment, the patient and enduring spirit of the latter,—all these was Reginald Heber: and whether we contemplate him under the first enthusiasm of his literary ambition, in the calm retreat of a country parsonage, surrounded by those whose welfare could be his only praise, or, when struggling with every feeling that can make home and early connections dear, he went forth in the devotedness of his heart, a voluntary exile for the cause of truth; in whatever of these situations he is contemplated, it would be difficult, we think, for even an infidel not to admire and venerate him. Happy, therefore, are we in being able to begin our present number with the name of HEBER, nor are we afraid that the good feelings, we will say, the Christianity of our readers, will be insufficient to make them of the same opinion as ourselves. The work before us would lead us to make some remarks on devotional poetry in general, but as the subject would carry us too much into dissertation, we must be satisfied with observing that its two great characteristics should be simplicity of expression and elevation of sentiment. The generality of religious poetry fails in these points. The language commonly employed is tame or affected, instead of pure and simple; and the ideas expressed are either common-place or extravagant, instead of those sublime and soul-filling thoughts which the awful doctrines of our religion are calculated to inspire. The collection we are at present considering, made, as it was, by a man as eminent for his taste as his piety, is a great contrast to the greater number of similar works already before the public; but, excellent as it is, it is not without some of the faults which we have hinted at, as the common errors of devotional poetry. The best hymns in the work are those by Bishop Heber himself. Several in the collection

were furnished by Professor Milman; and one by Sir Walter Scott, which, as a curiosity, and to show that the first genius in the land is sometimes employed in the contemplation of Christian mysteries, we shall give before we end our extracts. The first, however, with which we present our readers, must be the pre-eminently beautiful ones, for the second and fourth Sundays in Advent. The second, which is very fine, is by Professor Milman:—

'SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

'The Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
'The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
'The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!
'Can this be He who went to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By Power oppress'd and mock'd by Pride?
Oh God! is this the crucified?
'Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!'

'SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

'The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the Heavens with the burden of godhead are bow'd.
'The glory! the glory! by myriads are pour'd,
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord,
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!
'The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.
'The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!
Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!'

'FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

'The world is grown old, and her pleasures are past;
The world is grown old, and her form may not last;
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear;
For sorrows abound, and judgment is near!
'The sun in the Heaven is languid and pale;
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near!
'The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near!
'The world is grown old!—but should we complain,
Who have tried her and know that her promise is vain?
Our heart is in Heaven, our home is not here,
And we look for our crown when judgment is near!'

The next is by Sir Walter Scott:—

'SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

'The day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?
'When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trumpet that wakes the dead;
'Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, oh Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!'
There is also great beauty in the one for the Epiphany, by Heber:—

'EPIPHANY.

'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
'Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!
'Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?
'Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!'
That for the third Sunday in Lent is in a dif-

ferent style, and more simple, but equally sweet:—

‘THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

‘Virgin-born! we bow before Thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, Mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child!
‘Blessed was the breast that fed Thee!
Blessed was the hand that led Thee!
Blessed was the parent’s eye
That watched Thy slumbering infancy!
‘Blessed she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world’s salvation!
And blessed they, for ever blest,
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best!
‘Virgin-born! we bow before thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, Mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child!’

With the following, for the seventh Sunday after Trinity, which, for sweetness of expression and imagery, is unrivalled, we conclude our notice:—

‘SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

‘When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer’s balmy showers refresh the mower’s toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.
The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade;
The Sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The Moon and Stars, their Master’s name in silent pomp display.
‘Shall Man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love, and Saviour, honour Thee.
‘The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer fade,
The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled—the Sun and Moon forget their old decree,
But we in Nature’s latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee.’

Rambles in Madeira and in Portugal, in the early Part of 1826. With an Appendix of Details, illustrative of the Health, Climate, Produce, and Civil History of the Island. Post 8vo. pp. 396. London, 1827. Rivingtons.

THIS work was undertaken, the author informs us, for the purpose of illustrating some drawings taken from scenes in Madeira; and, from the style of its description, we have no doubt, affords a very faithful companion to the graphical part of the work, which is published separately. Our great objection to the volume is, that its details are given in the form of a journal, and surely never can there be any thing more absurd than a traveller’s using this mode of writing. The con-

tinual recurrence of all the little details which only regard his own comfort or feelings, and the repetition, *usque ad nauseam*, of dining and going-to-bed reflections, are sufficient to spoil the best work of travels in the world. There is little, it appears, either in the society or customs of Madeira, likely to interest a stranger. The great number of English families settled there form a people of themselves, and the introduction of our manners have nearly destroyed the difference between Madeira and England, in every thing but the climate.

Our author has described many parts of this beautiful island with great taste, and we shall endeavour to separate some of his descriptions from the account of balls, &c. with which they are surrounded. The following is a pretty sketch of Madeira villas:—

‘Jan. 4.—The English merchants have all mansions in the city, but they commonly live with their families in the country houses in the neighbourhood of it. To-day we have been returning visits, which has taken us to some of the finest of these quintas.

‘One of them is the Achado: the situation is delightful; it stands, as the name, it seems, implies, on a level, the only one in the environs, just above the city; and thus enjoys an advantage, in respect to surface, possessed by no other. The grounds are extensive, rich in fruits and in flowers, and surrounded by alleys of vine-trellice. These vine-corridors, as they call them, are common to all the gardens; and in summer, when the plant is in leaf, must be peculiarly grateful.

‘The Til is a villa in the Italian style, and possesses much more architectural pretension than any I have seen here; but it has never been finished, and what has been, bears evident symptoms of neglect. The name comes from a remarkably fine til, one of the indigenous ever-green forest trees of the island, which stands in the garden—*ingens arbor, faciemque simillima lauro*; it is, I believe, of the laurel tribe. In the court, too, is an enormous old chesnut, the second largest in the island.

‘What is chiefly remarkable in the Val, is the singular variety of the exotics, which are seen flourishing in the grounds. Dwellers of every clime, India and China, Mexico and Africa, are here met in a fellowship of beauty; and in the abundance of their fruits and blossoms, appear to suffer no regret for their native soil and sunshine.

‘There is a large circle of our countrymen residents here,—so large, indeed, as to make them quite independent, in respect to society, of the Portuguese; and, accordingly, the two races do not seem much to mix together. The English are thus at liberty to preserve all their old ways and habits, which, for the most part, they do most religiously; and a stranger is at first rather disappointed in finding so little of novelty in the social habits and forms of the place. We breakfast, lunch, dine, and drink tea, precisely in the same manner, and at the same hours, that we did in England. I have not yet seen a dish that could be called foreign; and every article of dress, or furniture, or utensil of domestic economy, is, without exception, of English manufacture.

‘The fruits of the dessert alone remind us of our latitude. Nearly all the productions of the tropics are cultivated here with great success; and the gauvas, citrons, bananas, and custard-apples, are even considered as superior

to those of the West Indies. It is commonly the case, indeed, that fruits of all kinds are improved by being grown in a climate that renders some degree of care or attention necessary for their production. Thus the pine-apple here is decidedly inferior to those we have in England. Oranges, of course, are abundant, but they are not, in general, of the finest sort. Those of St. Michael’s and Lisbon are superior; chiefly, I suppose, because being an article of commerce, in those places, more attention is paid to the cultivation of the tree. At Madeira the vine absorbs every consideration.

‘The vegetables are the same as in England, and generally of much the same quality. We are now revelling in green peas and French beans, a luxury that would strike us rather, were the season more marked by its European attributes; it really requires an effort of the mind to remember that it is winter. The same garden which gives us our dessert, supplies the coffee which closes it. The tree succeeds here perfectly, and the produce is of the finest kind; but till lately it has been grown only for curiosity or ornament. * * *

‘June 6.—A beautiful sunny morning. We took a ride towards the Mount Church by the direct road. It is steep, paved throughout, and for the greater part of the way runs between the high walls of the Quintas and terraces which throng this ascent to the mountains—and yet the effect is far from displeasing. The walls are almost invariably crowned by ranges of low square pillars, that support the arches and trellices of the vine-corridors; the geranium and fuchsia, and a variety of beautiful flowering shrubs from the gardens within, surmount the fence, and bush out their exuberance of flowers down to our reach; the creeping plants, it may be believed, are still greater truants—while from the holes in the wall, intended to give passage for the moisture from the terraced earth, a number of pretty flowering weeds take root, and hang down their green tresses with very graceful effect. Each garden, moreover, has its summer-house, or belvedere, overlooking the road: they are often of a very pretty construction; and the sound of your horse’s feet has not uncommonly the effect of inducing some dark-eyed tenant of its shelter to look through the lattice.

‘Above the church the Quintas cease, and the pavement also. The road indeed becomes horrible, and no animal but a Madeira poney could keep its footing in ascending it. The country here is green and wild, without cultivation and without wood; the ground scattered with heaths, which are browsed by the small cattle of the island, and a few goats.

‘After continuing our ascent for a considerable time, we turn to the right, and, through a sort of portal in the rock, come out in the Ribeiro dos Escalas, I think they call it—a fine mountain ravine, running towards the sea to the east of the town—green and solitary; the sides thickly clothed with heath and sweet bay; with a stream that, after making a pretty fall at the head, thence finds its way along the bottom, but is scarcely distinguishable from the heights on which we stand.’

The following description of a mountain ramble is also well given:—

‘Jan. 21.—It is not every day that we can get to the mountains here; at this season they are frequently, perhaps more days than not, enveloped in clouds. This morning, however, the summits looked open, and we were tempted to an excursion to the ice-house; a deposit for

snow, situate at nearly the highest point of the mountains visible from Funchal. We ascended by the road described on a former day; and, passing round the heads of several ravines (among the rest a very deep one, distinguished as that of the Waterfall,) reached a kind of level Fell, or Serra, called the *Balco*. The ascent is one of nearly three hours. In clear weather the view of Funchal from hence is very striking. We were but just in time to see it to-day, for bright as had been the morning, the clouds were beginning to gather fast around us.

'At the ice-house we gave our men and horses a rest, and rambled on foot towards the Pico dos Arieros, a very lofty summit, that rises a little to the north-west of it. A narrow ridge here divides the heads of two deep ravines, and forms an isthmus between them. That to the south is a branch of the Curral; it appeared of great depth; the sides of almost precipitous rock, but affording in every rift an anchorage for the Til and Vinhatico to strike deep their roots, and thence stretch their broad shadow over the abyss below. The hollow was filling fast with vapour, which seemed to rise incessantly from the bottom, and hung its white shroud over every crag of the precipice—there was something almost mysterious in this motion of the cloud—and in the glimpses which it betrayed of the grey rock and dark green foliage between its snowy drifts.

'The ravine to the north was already completely filled with this mist. It lay quiet and massed in the hollow, nearly reaching to the spot where we stood. We amused ourselves with rolling pieces of rock down into their hidden depths, and in listening to the course of the missive, the bounds and rebounds of which continued to be audible for a time incredibly long after it had been lost to our sight.

'The employment was amusing enough, but we paid for it rather more than it was worth. The clouds in the mean time had covered the higher summits of the mountains around us, so that when we thought of returning, they were no longer distinguishable. Deprived of these landmarks, it was not difficult for us to lose our way, which we soon found that we had effectually done; and, instead of approaching the ice-house, were descending the misty depths of a steep ravine, of which we knew neither the name nor the direction.

'In the present state of the atmosphere, and utterly ignorant as we were of our bearings, there was little chance of recovering the track to the ice-house. After much rambling to no purpose, we began to abandon all hope of being able to do so, and thought it the best course to descend to the bottom of the ravine, which we suspected might be that of the waterfall, and so make our way as well as we could along the river-course to the city. The scheme we might have known was impracticable, for the heads of these ravines are invariably enclosed by perpendicular cliffs; the bottoms, too, are commonly impassable from the rocky masses that cover the surface, and the windings of the torrent, which sweeps from one side to the other. However, for want of a better alternative, we began our descent; in some parts it was not without difficulty, but we soon came to a point where the aplomb of the precipice debarred all further progress. At the same time a partial breaking of the mist disclosed the hollow below us—a deep narrow ravine, enclosed between cliffs which, overhung with vinhaticos, showed black in the dusk.

'We climb back again, and after a time fall

in with a slight goat-track, which at length leads us to the edge of another and apparently much wilder and deeper chasm than that which we had left. The day was now near its close. Already the chances were that we should pass the night in the mountains; a necessity which, in this climate, I did not contemplate with any peculiar dread, but my companion, who is something of an invalid, was not by any means equally reconciled to it. Persuading himself that the valley beneath us was that of the Curral, he proposed that we should descend, and endeavour to make our way to the house of the Padre of the Livramento church. It seemed hardly possible that by any error of reckoning we could have got in the direction of the Curral; however I acquiesced, thinking that at any rate we should get a warmer and more sheltered *gîte* for the night below, than on these summits. Accordingly we began to go down, following the path as long as we could; but it soon became undistinguishable, and we then hastened our descent in the most direct way, forcing a passage through the thicker part of the underwood that clothed the steep; and often hanging from one tree till we got a footing on another below it. It was a wild and gloomy scene—the depths of the ravine beneath seemed deepened and darkened by the mists, which continued to roll their white waves about in the valley, producing the strangest and most impressive effects of light and form—the roar of the torrent became more audible as we got lower—and every effect, whether of sound or sight, was heightened by the dusk of twilight—and perhaps, too, by the circumstances of our situation, which had enough of adventure and uncertainty in it to excite the imagination, without oppressing us by the apprehension of any very serious inconvenience.

'We descended a good way, (several hundred feet I should guess) and pretty rapidly, for latterly our course had not been much out of the perpendicular; but the forest continued to thicken, the rock to steepen, and it seemed probable that we might soon come to a cliff, such as not uncommonly terminates the sides of these hollows, which, if we did not tumble over in the dark, we were not likely to get down in any other fashion. Fortunately, at this moment, our embarrassments were relieved by a partial clearing away of the cloud at the further end of the valley, which disclosed to us a distant glimpse of the sea—and, what we least expected, of the Penha d'Agua, the remarkable mass of rock near Porto Cruz, the identity of which it is always impossible to mistake; so that we found we were making for the north instead of the south of the island, in a direction precisely opposite to that of Funchal.

'We now retraced our steps with all possible speed, in the hope of regaining the summit before it was quite dark. Luckily, by the time we reached it, the mist had cleared away from the peaks, and we had no difficulty in finding the ice-house. Our men, of course, were gone, for it was more than four hours since we had left them, and we had nothing for it but to walk home. The night, though cloudy, was very light, or there might have been some difficulty even in this; as it was we found none, save that arising from the road itself, which, from the roughness of surface and rapidity of the descent throughout, is, beyond all comparison, the most fatiguing my feet ever experienced. Near the town we met our men with horses and torches, coming back to find us; we gladly mounted and galloped the rest of

our way home, which we reached a little before nine.

The account of the visit to the Curral contains also some very beautiful pictures:—

'Feb. 13.—Set off early for the Curral. This is the great marvel of Madeira scenery; and that which strangers are first taken to see; it has been matter of accident that we have delayed our visit thither so long; but perhaps it is as well that it has so happened, for I do not know that the good policy is to take the best scenes first. Thus I would recommend every visitor to exhaust the south coast of the island before he touches upon the north. After enjoying this last, it is incredible how comparatively tame the scenes will appear that had previously struck him as the perfection of natural grandeur.

'We follow the Cama de Lobos road as far as the Socorridos Ravine, and then turn to the right, passing another, the Ribeira real, along the western side of which we ascend towards the mountains. Beyond, a steep but well-paved road leads to the Estreito church and village, and not long after brings us to the edge of a deep ravine—green, and scattered lightly with vinhaticos and chesnuts, with, of course, a torrent shining at the bottom. We keep along the side of the valley, and soon come in sight of a large and somewhat castle-like mansion, situated on the mountains at the head of it, and embosomed in a forest of chesnuts. This is the Jardim, the quinta of the English consul, and seen from this point of view, it certainly has a very imposing aspect. We were lucky enough to find the consul at home. He received us with his accustomed cordiality, and gave us assurance of a dinner and a bed at his house that night.

'Fortified with this comfortable perspective, we almost immediately resumed our journey; ascending gently towards the north-east, through the green mountain district that lies behind the Jardim. The view in front was obstructed by a high ridge; of which we had nearly gained the highest point, when we left our horses, and running up a few yards of steep turf found ourselves all at once on the brink of the Curral.—It is a huge valley or rather crater; of immense depth—enclosed on all sides by a range of magnificent mountain precipices, the sides and summit of which are broken in every variety of buttress or pinnacle—now black and craggy and beetling—at other times spread with the richest green turf, and scattered with a profusion of the evergreen forest trees, indigenous to the island; while far below, in the midst of all these horrors, smiles a fairy region of cultivation and fruitfulness, with a church and village, the white cabins of which seem half smothered in the luxuriance of their own vines and orchards.

'We gazed long and eagerly at the prospect. It is not easy to give an accurate notion of its peculiar character; and even painting would but ill assist, for one of the most striking features is the great and sudden depth which you look down, the effect of which we know the pencil cannot at all convey. The side on which we stand, however, though steep, is not absolutely precipitous: on the contrary, the gradation of crag and projection, by which it descends to the bottom, is one of the finest things in the view. Close on our right a lofty peak presents its rocky face to the valley to which it bears down in a magnificent mass, shouldering its way, as it seemed, half across it. The opposite sides appear more bare, precipitous, and lofty; and this last character is heightened

by some white clouds that rest upon and conceal their summits.

Rejoining the road we for a while lost sight of the valley. When we again came in view of it, it was rapidly filling with clouds, but at first their interposition was hardly a disadvantage; they gave a vague indefinite grandeur to the cliffs and mountains, which seemed to rise one knew not from what depth, and lose their summits in regions beyond our ken. The breaks, too, that occurred in this shrouding of the scene, showed fragments of it with strange effect—till at length the whole hollow filled, and presented an uniform sea of vapour.

We were soon repaid for the loss of one prospect by another, and that scarcely inferior. This was the Serra d'Agua—a magnificent ravine, that opened to us from the west, and which is divided from the Curral by one of the narrow ridges which I have before spoken of, as separating the conflux of these mountain hollows. For awhile it lay before us unclouded, in all its depth and grandeur—bearing perhaps more of a ravine character than the Curral—the sides descending less precipitously, but closer together, and shadowed by a thicker gloom of forest. But the mountain summits here also were already obscured by clouds, particularly those opposite to the west, which bear up the extensive fell of the Paul; and while gazing we perceived the mist momentarily gaining upon and drawing its veil over the depths beneath.

Turning for a time altogether from the Curral, we hastened our course for some distance by the road which has been cut out nearly midway along the face of the mountain that bounds this Serra to the north. Close on the right rose a cliff, which, looking up to it through the mist, seemed of insuperable height—ribbed with strata, and lightly draped with trailing plants, while small rills of water course down its face, and sometimes form dropping wells, under the sprinkles of which you are obliged to pass.

Below, on the other side, the steep is less precipitous, so as to admit the growth of wood; and all the native dryads of the island, the Til, the Vinhatico, the Pao Branco, the Folhado, intermixed with the heath tree of both kinds, mingle the gloom of their unfading foliage—broken only, from time to time, by the courses of the streams that cross the road from the cliffs on the right, and through the gullies of which, and down an immense depth, you are occasionally able to scan the white rush of the torrent, whose roar is never absent from the ear.

After awhile the face of the cliff on the right recedes a little, and the forest gains a footing there also. Here and there breaks occur in the mountains—ravine-like cliffs, of the most romantic character, giving passage to the little rivulets that seem to rush with characteristic impatience and vivacity to join the torrent that calls for them from below. One of these, in its fury, had recently carried away the arch of the road, and the few planks which had been thrown across in substitution of it, did not promise a very safe footing for our beasts; so we dismounted, and for awhile pursued the exploration on foot. The scene preserves the same general character, but at every step presents some new accident or combination of tree, or crag, or precipice, or cascade, to arrest the eye and excite the imagination.

The decline of day at length warned us to return. It was already dusk when we repassed the sides of the Curral; they were still, for the most part, obscured by mist. High in the air

I described a black spot, which, after a time, we identified as the topmost peak of Ruivo, the loftiest point in the island. It is incredible what an effect of height is given to a mountain summit by this sort of interception from the base.

It is nearly dark by the time we reach the Jardim.

Feb. 14.—Set out soon after eight—a cold but delightfully clear morning promised a more favourable day for our mountain explorations than was yesterday. As we once more gained the ridge overlooking the Curral, the scene opened upon us almost with the effect of novelty; the entire range of the peaks opposite and at the head of the valley—Ruivo, the Torrinas, Sidrao, the Pedraes—all which were before completely hidden, now stood out in the clear blue morning sky, with a startling distinctness. The sea, too, shone bright and boundless to the right; its whole surface mottled with cloud and sun-gleam; and beyond were the Desertas, rearing their ridgy masses in blackness against the light horizon. The sun was yet low, and a cold gloom still hung over the valley beneath.

We pursue, at first, the same road as yesterday; and enjoy the views, looking down into the Curral on our right, and soon after into the Serra d'Agua on the other hand, unobstructed by a single flake of vapour. The Paul alone preserved its accustomed mystery, and a long band of cloud lay motionless upon its summit.

Between the two vallies I have mentioned, the Curral and the Serra d'Agua, stands the Pico Grande, a huge insulated mountain, steep and massive, and rising in its summit to a remarkable rocky peak; in fact, being in shape, air, and outline exactly what a mountain ought to be. The San Vicente road, which we followed for some distance yesterday, runs along the west flank of this giant; while another diverging to the east, winds down his side, till you reach his very feet, at the bottom of the Curral.

We took this last—the descent is long, but we made it longer by various little exploratory excursions to the right and left. One of these was to the extremity of a remarkable ridge, that about half way down juts into the valley, of which it commands a magnificent view, from one end almost to the other. Near the head, the valley appears to widen to a kind of basin, forming, as Mr. Bowdich surmises, the crater of the volcano which is supposed to have generated the island. The shape of the basin is certainly not very inconsistent with this conjecture, though I should have thought its size might be considered so.

At the north of this crater stands Pico Ruivo, the highest summit in Madeira; but his crest does not appear at all to overtop those of his neighbours; and altogether his mass is not sufficiently insulated to give him the effect which we look for in the monarch mountain of the island. Indeed, the whole range above has too wall-like a continuousness, and it was not in that direction that we most constantly turned our eyes.

The Torrinas are much more happy in their summits—they rise into peaks of a peculiarly jagged outline, which renders them always distinguishable. To the south stands Sidrao, guarding the approach of the branch ravine, the head of which we reached in our memorable adventure of the 21st of January.

As we approached the bottom, the scene assumed a different character; the lower slopes

of the mountains have a green, woodland aspect; the surface of the bottom itself is very varied, and broken, here and there, by masses of rock that have evidently been sundered by time or tempest from the heights above; the whole, too, is scattered with magnificent trees; and the intermingling plantations of vines and yams, with orchards of peach and cherry trees, give to it a rich and smiling countenance, that contrasts well—and yet, from its wildness, not discordantly—with the Alpine cliffs that stand stern and impassable on every side.

We descend to the torrent which we find full and vigorous and exulting in its strength: cross it by a rude foot-bridge, formed of two or three stems of trees. This is a remarkable spot. The home scene is of the most romantic character, and the views of the mountains among the best you have from the bottom of the Curral, particularly that down to the opening of the valley; looking up, the sight is always too rigidly obstructed by the cross range of cliffs that form the head. A little way below, the road passes over a rich level tract of soil, considerably above the bed of the torrent, and which is thickly set with vineyards and orchards, with cabins scattered among them. At the lower end of this level stands the church of N. S. do Livramento, with the Padre's house close by.

Obadiah's Address from Ireland to the Worshipful and All-potent People of Almacks's.
In 12mo. pp. 72. London. Hatchard and Son. 1827.

VERILY, friend Obadiah, thou art a pleasant wag; nor is thy humour the less agreeable for having a smack of wholesome wisdom in it, and much goodly counsel. That the people of Almacks will relish it, is more than we can say; but we can testify for ourselves, that thy Address hath pleased us better than most compositions of the kind. Yet, heaven help thee, Obadiah, thou must be simple indeed, if thou imaginest that thy admonitions will have any effect upon the Almackites; or that those who look with ineffable scorn upon all beyond the privileged pale of their own circle, will deign to listen to thee.

Among the numerous moral anomalies which England and its metropolis exhibit, it is not one of the least, that, in an age termed intellectual, and among a people styling themselves refined, there should not only be a society where foolery reigns supreme, but that it should have such deference paid to it, and that admittance into it should be considered an object worth so much anxiety, so much intriguing, and so much toil. It is to secure this enviable privilege that persons, who would feel it an insult to have their independence questioned, submit to the despotic insolence of self-elected rulers, whose authority rests on the weakest—no, not the weakest, on the most durable foundation—on the folly of those who voluntarily submit to it. It is time, however, to let Obadiah speak for himself:—

As I sat musing over the subject, my imagination became exceedingly animated, and I seemed actually to be conducted into a large room, or, if you like, the hall of judgment, where I beheld seated around me, a number of women, very busy reading, folding and unfolding letters, talking to each other too rapidly to

be understood, and preparing for general business.

'In due time, a candidate is permitted to approach, and I amused myself by supposing Susanna Hauton, to ask the following questions:—

'Susanna.—You are no doubt aware how very particular we are that the air of this room shall never be tainted by the breath of a plebeian?

'Candidate.—I am.

'Susanna.—Have you been informed that we do all in our power to prevent men from marrying beneath their rank?

'Candidate.—I have.

'Susanna.—Do you attend the service of the church on Sundays?

'Candidate.—Sometimes.

'Susanna.—Have you heard that we consider it exceedingly vulgar to go there before the prayers are nearly over?

'Candidate.—I have heard so.

'Susanna.—You will of course attend to this rule?

'Candidate.—Most certainly.

'Susanna.—Have you any objection to cards on a Sunday?

'Candidate.—None whatever.

'Susanna.—I beg pardon, but it is necessary to ask the question, have you any relatives that are in any way attached to business or a profession?

'Candidate.—None that I know of.

'Susanna.—Are you aware that neither merit, wealth, or education can procure the individual a ticket?

'Candidate.—Yes, I am.

'Susanna.—Can you consent to discard a dear friend if you find she has the least connection with the mercantile or business world?

'Candidate.—Certainly.

'Susanna, looking round upon the members with a look, as if to say there appears no objection, then proceeded:—

"We have found it necessary to adopt many rules, to prevent as far as possible the intrusion of the aspiring classes from entering the line of rank. I will mention a few.

"We never inquire about the character of those whose right by fashion commands a ticket; as we consider what the common people call virtue, merely a spectre to keep the vulgar in order.

"We never suffer religion to enter our sphere. For the sake of our property, we subscribe to the national schools, as it is necessary the poor people should be under some control; and as the Scriptures have been considered the best thing to alarm them, it is well to encourage their reading, although we are not obliged to believe them ourselves.

"We never descend to the multitude but on one occasion, and that is at the general elections; then you may be as familiar as you please with the crowd, even to a beggar, because giving of money has a great effect upon this sort of people; but the instant the votes are decided, know the voters no longer."

Obadiah addresses his exhortations to each of the lady-patronesses in turn, accompanying his admonitions with illustrative anecdotes, pointing out the many mischievous and unhappy consequences that result from the indiscretions—or, to speak more honestly than courteously,—the vices of a fashionable life. The only objection we have to these is, that they are not sufficiently pointed and strong; nor has the writer animadverted so

much as he might have done upon those minor absurdities, and the various extravagancies of conduct and opinion, that render the votaries of haut-ton so fair a mark for pleasantries and ridicule. To tell them that they are contemptible in the eyes of persons of sense, would sting them more than to tell them they are odious; to let them know that they are regarded not so much with feelings of envy as with those of pity, by many possessing far greater pretensions to real elegance and polished manners than themselves, would be more likely to mortify them. Still we thank Obadiah for what he has done, and sincerely hope, that all who have read the novel which gave rise to his little volume, will peruse the latter also. To those country young ladies whose heads have been turned with the host of pictures of fashionable life that have lately issued from the press, it may operate as a wholesome sedative. As for the Almackites, we regard them as incurables: beyond their own sphere; all is to them a dismal blank. Even age itself cannot wean them from their frivolities: they pursue them to the last step of their existence.—Alas for them! there is no 'Almack's' in heaven!

Elements of Physics; or, Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, explained independently of Technical Mathematics. By N. ARNOTT, M.D., of the Royal College of Physicians. 8vo. pp. 611. London, 1827. T. and G. Underwood.

UNDER the above title, Dr. Arnott has lately presented us one of the most popularly instructive, and, at the same time, interesting works that we have met with for a long while; and although its title gives but a very limited idea of the various topics of which it treats, comprehending, as it does, a concentrated and familiar explanation of the nature and properties of matter in all its variety of form and modification, it is, perhaps, sufficient to explain its principal object, which is to illustrate the physical construction of the human frame, in order to its more scientific treatment in the many accidents and casualties to which it is liable. That the different parts of the animal conformation are admirably adapted to the performance of the varied functions for which they are designed, must arrest the attention and excite the admiration of the most ordinary observer; but, when anatomically examined, this apparently complicated piece of machinery presents an aggregation (as it were) of the most perfect and efficient mechanical powers, occupying the least possible space for their intended purposes, yet in no instance incommencing one another, but each contributing to the assistance of many, by their wonderful combination and beautiful arrangement, and, as a whole, presenting a complete epitome of the perfection of mechanism, proving, in truth—

'The hand that formed it is divine.'

It being the author's evident design to found a knowledge of this subject on a substantial basis, viz. an acquaintance with the phenomena of the material creation, the earlier portion of the publication is devoted to a familiar explanation of those elementary principles and laws which regulate the visible universe.

The second division explains the peculiarities which arise out of the solid form of bodies:—a department commonly called mechanics: and hence the exemplification of animal and medical mechanics, in which all the parts of the human frame are separately considered and explained.

The doctrine of fluids are next popularly expounded, under the established titles of hydrostatics and hydraulics for liquids, and pneumatics for airs; with a section on acoustics, or phenomena of sound, as immediately connected with hearing, then follows the doctrine of fluidity in relation to animals.

Each of these topics are treated in a manner, that little or no previous knowledge of physical science is requisite to a competent, and, to all should be, a necessary acquaintance with the nature and properties of their species, and with such a regard to delicacy of expression, that it may, not merely with propriety, but with essential utility, be read by the most fastidious of the other sex.

In support of this utility, we shall extract the author's observations on the spine, diseases and distortions in which, we are concerned to remark, are becoming daily more frequent among females in the higher orders of society in this country:—

'The spine or back-bone has as much of beautiful and varied mechanism in it as any single part of our wonderful frame. It is the central pillar of support or great connecting chain of all the other parts; and it has, at the same time, the office of containing within itself, and of protecting from external injury, a prolongation of the brain, called the spinal marrow, more important to animal life than the greater part of the brain itself. We shall see it uniting the apparent incompatibilities of great elasticity, great flexibility in all directions, and of great strength both to support a load and to defend its important contents.

'Elasticity.—The head rests on the elastic column of the spine, as the body of a carriage rests upon its springs; for between each two of the twenty-four vertebrae or distinct bones of which the spine consists, there is a soft perfectly elastic intervertebral substance, about half as bulky as the vertebra, and yielding readily to any sudden jar. The spine, moreover, if viewed sideways, is seen to be waved or bent a little like an italic *f*; and, for this reason also, yields to any sudden motion of the body. This bending might seem a defect in a column intended to support weight, but the disposition of the muscles about it just counteracts so as to leave the elasticity of the bend, and a roomy thorax, without any diminution of strength.

'Flexibility.—The spine is like a chain, because it consists of twenty-four distinct pieces, all joined by smooth rubbing surfaces, and allowing a degree of motion in all directions. A little motion comparatively between each two pieces becomes a great extent of motion in the whole spine, and the articulating surfaces are so many, and so exactly fitted to each other, and connected by such number and strength of ligaments, that the combination is really a stronger column than a single bone of the same size would have been.

'The strength of the spine as a whole, is shown in a man's easily carrying upon his head a weight heavier than himself. And a single vertebra is seen to be a strong irregular ring, of

double arch, having a smooth inside, for the spinal marrow to rest in.

'We have to remark, that the spine increases in size towards the bottom, in the justest proportion, as it has more weight to bear.

'Considering the great number of parts forming the spine, and their so delicate mutual adaptation, one might suppose that injuries and diseases of the structure would be very frequent. The reverse, however, is the truth under ordinary circumstances; so that while hundreds and thousands of works have been published on the ailments of almost all the other parts of the body, it is only within a few years that spine affections have drawn the attention of medical men at all. The reason of this is twofold: 1st, that all which regards health and disease is now much more completely analyzed than formerly; and 2ndly, that from a change recently introduced into the system of education for young ladies, a considerable proportion of them have grown to womanhood with weakened and crooked spines.—This subject merits farther consideration here.

'To the well-being of the higher classes of animals, exercise of their various parts is as necessary as nourishment, and if it be withheld by any cause during the period of growth, the body is often crippled permanently. The overflow of life and energy which nature has given to young creatures to prompt them to useful exertion, is seen in the ever-changing occupation of a child, in the quick succession of its ideas, in its jumping and skipping and using all sorts of round-about action that may expend muscular energy, instead of seeking, as in after life, to accomplish its ends in the shortest ways: and the same law is illustrated among the inferior animals, by the play of kittens, puppies, lambs, &c.

'Strongly as nature has thus expressed herself upon the important subject of exercise among the young, tyrant fashion, with a usual perversion of common sense, has of late times, in England, formed a school discipline for young women of the higher classes, which was directly with nature's dictate: and the consequences have been such, that a stranger arriving here from China, might almost suppose it the design to make crooked and weak spines by our school discipline, as it is the design in China to make little feet by the iron shoe. The result is the more striking, because the brothers of the female victims, and who of course have similar constitutions, are robust, healthy, and well formed. A peasant girl is allowed to obey her natural feeling when her spirits are buoyant, and at proper times may dance and skip and run, until healthy exhaustion ask that repose, which is equally allowed; and she thus grows up strong and straight: but the young lady is receiving constant admonition to curb all propensity to such vulgar activity, and often, just as she subdues nature, she receives the praise of being well-bred. Her multifarious studies come powerfully in aid of the admonition, by fixing her for many hours every day to sedentary employment. This adoption of sedentary habits is not only hurtful, by preventing the natural extent and variety of exercise, and thereby weakening the whole body, but is rendered particularly injurious to the back, by the manner in which the sitting is usually performed. It would be accounted great cruelty to make a delicate young creature stand all day, because the legs would tire,—but this very cruelty is almost in constant operation against the back, as if backs could not tire as well as legs. When a girl is allowed to sit

down because she has been long standing, great care is taken that the muscles of the back, which still remain in action as she sits, shall not be at all relieved; for, from the idea that it is ungraceful to loll, she is either put upon a stool which has no back at all, or upon a very narrow chair with a perpendicular back. The stool relieves her spine more than the chair, because it allows of bending in different ways, so as to rest the different sets of muscles alternately; but the chair forces her to keep the spine quite upright and nearly unmoved. The consequence soon is, that being first weakened generally, by sedentary habits, and the back being still farther weakened by excessive fatigue, the spine gives way in some part and bends, and the curvature becomes permanent. In this bending, the spine is sometimes partially rotated, so as to show from behind that waving profile which should only be seen from the side. At other times the vertebræ and intervening substance merely become thinner on one side from the continued pressure and weakness. When a bend takes place in one situation, it immediately occasions an opposite bend above or below it, to bring the centre of gravity of the upper parts directly over the base again; and hence the curve becomes double, like an italic *f*.

'When the inclination of the back has once begun, it is very soon increased by the means used to cure it. Strong stiff stays are put on, to support the back as it is said, but which, in reality, by preventing those muscles from acting which are intended by nature as the supports, cause them to lose their strength, and when the stays are withdrawn, the body can no longer support itself. Longer sittings in the narrow upright chair are then recommended, and sometimes the back is forcibly stretched by pulleys, or the patient is kept all day and night lying on an inclined board, and losing her health, &c. &c. The only things forgotten are to give proper exercise in the air, and to let the child rest when she is not taking such exercise. The prejudice had at last grown up, that strong stays should be put upon children very early to prevent the first beginnings of the mischief, and that a child should always be made to sit on the straight-backed chair, or to lie on the hard plane: and it is probable, that if these cures and preventives had been adopted as universally and strictly as many deemed them necessary, we should not have in England a young lady whose back would be straight or strong enough to bear the weight of her shoulders and head. It would disgust us to see the attempt made to improve the strength and shape of a young race-horse or greyhound, by binding tight splints or stays round its beautiful young body, and then tying it up in a stall; but this is the kind of absurdity and cruelty so commonly practised in this country towards what may well be called the most faultless of created things.

'A pernicious prejudice, with respect to this curvature or distortion of the spine, long existed, viz. that it was a scrofulous affection; and many mothers hid it from those about them, and sought remedy from quacks far from home. Indeed, until within a few years, it was altogether the province of some irregular members of the profession to manage spine diseases, and it became to them a rich source of wealth, for many of their remedies being calculated to prolong the evil, they did not soon lose their patients.

'A man of considerable note in this class, lately pronounced a case of crooked spine,

which fell into his hands, to be a dislocation of the whole middle part of it; and in the published account of the treatment which he said had effected a cure, he had the folly to assert, that each day, by his various operations, he replaced one vertebra of the number dislocated, until at last the whole were restored. He thus accused himself of having torn each vertebra from those about it, and of treating a dislocated spine as that man would treat a dislocated arm, who should break the bone into pieces of an inch, and replace these successively, instead of letting the whole return as a single piece, in the common way.

'The practice in spine cases, however, has now fallen into the hands of the informed profession, and science having detected the true causes of the evil, its frequency is already diminished. It has been shown that nothing is easier than to prevent it, and that the best cures are those conducted on the general principles of improving the health of the patient, and of using exercises which directly strengthen the affected part.

'Some might expect here a long description of machines employed in the treatment of such affections; but, fortunately, the list of the only ones which are useful or safe is very short:—a sofa to rest upon, and choice of pleasant means of taking exercise; such as the skipping-rope, shuttlecock, dumb-bells, a rope-ladder to climb, a winch to turn, &c.: and sometimes, where it is much desired that the young lady should continue her lessons of music in a sitting attitude, a chair may be used, having an overhanging canopy or crane, from which straps descend to support the head and shoulders, while proper weights, fixed to cords from these straps, and acting over pulleys, give the required support. The author has had a small light crane of wood made, which answers the purpose well, and may be attached to a common chair. It would be out of place here to detail those particulars of constitutional treatment, which so usefully aid the effects of suitable exercise.'

Many other interesting and useful observations are interspersed through the volume, and not the least of them in the introduction, in which some novel sensible views are taken of an improved system of education.

We regret our inability, at present, to spare room for further extracts, but we sincerely hope the work will meet with extensive and general circulation. Of the author, we beg to say, that when from the arduous and imperative duties, inseparable from the medical profession, a man steals from his few leisure moments, which it is almost cruelty to abstract from domestic enjoyment, their greater portion, for the purpose of leaving to the world the result of his studies and experience, if he succeeds in placing in the hands of the public a work by which the popular mind may become better acquainted with the nature and properties of the wonderful works of creation with which he is surrounded, and man, in every sense 'man's fittest study'; that individual is eminently entitled to the applause and esteem of his country, and we do not hesitate to say, that Dr. Arnott, in the present undertaking, has eminently merited this distinction.



The Character and Conduct of the Apostles, considered as an Evidence of Christianity, in eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1827, at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. John Bampton, M. A., Canon of Salisbury. By HENRY HART MILMAN, M. A., Professor of Poetry, and late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading. Murray, London; and Parker, Oxford.

THE gates of hell shall never prevail against the religion of Jesus Christ. It stands too firmly established to be overthrown, or even injured by the attacks of its most determined and insidious adversaries: indeed, such attacks have only ended in the more clear exhibition of the solidity of the foundation on which it rests. Surprising it is, infidels, frequently as they have been driven from their strong holds, should persist in opposing a religion which, if true, threatens a dreadful storm, which will surely break over their guilty heads: and still more, that any should be found willing to listen to the reasonings of infidels, and to resist convictions which declare equally their folly and wickedness. We rejoice exceedingly at any fresh successful attempt, to confirm us in the truth of Christianity; and, in this view, have read the Oxford Bampton, and the Cambridge Hulsean Lectures, connected with the evidence for that truth, with high interest and satisfaction. No Christian can be too well fortified against the evil hour of temptation, nor too strongly armed against doubts which will intrude, even at times when the consolations of Christianity are the most needed. Though, after all, there is an evidence for the religion of Christ, which, if it be not of the number of those of the weight of which we are sometimes called to give our judgment, yet appeals so strongly to the better nature of man, and is so continually brought before his notice, as to the honest inquirer after truth, and sincere seeker to do the will of God, to be almost irresistible.

Exclusive of all other considerations, it is the duty of every man to furnish himself with a reason for the hope that is in him, and especially to make himself acquainted with some of the arguments for the truth of Christianity, among which that which is afforded by 'the character and conduct of the apostles,' is not the least important, and certainly is one in its nature extremely striking and remarkable.

We have referred to the value of the Bampton and Hulsean Lectures, in reference to the subject of the present article, but let it not be supposed their only object is the defence of the outworks of the temple of truth; that sacred and glorious edifice has been frequently entered, and its interior parts examined, illustrated, and defended, with great ability. The Bampton Lecturers have license to extend their labours to the consideration of the authority of the writings of the primitive church, the divinity of Christ and the Holy Ghost, and the articles of the Christian faith, as comprehended in the apostles' and Nicene creeds.

Mr. Milman, the lecturer for 1827, is no

stranger to our readers; as a poet, he has been long known and respected. Now he appears before us as an able divine and defender of Christianity; and as such he will gain more, and perhaps less fading, laurels, than he may yet have acquired.

The volume commences with contrasting the primitive assembly of the apostles, with the progress, extent, permanence, and influence of Christianity. This done, the author asks,—

'Whence such disproportionate results from causes apparently so inadequate? The counsels of a few poor and almost illiterate men have changed the entire moral and religious system of the world; have maintained their superiority over successive generations, and have controlled with the excellence of their precepts, and satisfied with the reasonableness of their doctrines, the wisest and most enlightened of mankind.'

How this extraordinary revolution was effected, we, who believe the Christian scheme, are at no loss to discover: we believe it was through 'the direct, immediate, and visible interposition of the Divinity.' And Mr. M. shows either that this was the case, or that the apostles were not the original teachers of Christianity; they would not have attempted the conversion of the world, or could not have succeeded in the attempt. Tradition and the history of the acts, (the credibility of which history, as to its leading facts, is clearly proved,) both unite to convince us the apostles first taught the faith of Christ, and we, therefore, at once proceed to the impossibility of its being established otherwise than through the power and direct agency of God.

Proceeding to the second lecture, our attention is called to the unfitness of the apostles for propagating a new religion, and here Mr. M. guards us against the common error of viewing them as 'associated with all that is bold and uncompromising, prompt in decision, vigorous in action, temperate yet firm, unshaken in their fixed resolutions, yet prudent, and even pliant, when circumstances required;' when we should consider them as 'unlettered and ignorant men,' without attainments or connection, selected from the lowest orders of society, and for some time the implicit followers of a teacher, whose doctrines they imperfectly understood. He forcibly points out their despair after the death of their master, and the difficulties in the way, from the number and constitution of their body, their former jealousies, dependance on their master, &c.; considering the characters of individual apostles, particularly Peter and John: and he demonstratively shows such a change in their doctrines and characters, imperiously demands for its cause, the extraordinary facts of the appearance of Jesus after his crucifixion, and the effusion of the Holy Spirit on the primitive assembly of Christians. With a few extracts from this lecture, we will, for this week, take leave of Mr. Milman:—

'Temporary Failure of Affection for Christ.—The only requisite for the apostleship of a new religion, their affection for their master, had failed. The beloved Teacher was left without defenders in the hall; when he was buffeted, no hand interposed; when they sought

false witnesses against him, no one came forward to bear testimony to his innocence. The draught of vinegar was administered by the hand of a stranger; and it is not till his doom was sealed and the wrath of his enemies satiated, that their attachment faintly revives;—but 'the desire of embalming the body shows that they contemplated no change, except the usual process of human decay.'

Remarkable Unity of Sentiment.—'We must bear in mind the apostles had not to preach a religion already defined, embodied in a single code, concentrated in one authorised volume, against which lay no appeal. The whole faith, doctrine, as well as discipline, was without order or completeness; the great characteristic tenets of Christianity, the redemption, the atonement, the resurrection, the intercession of Christ, remained to be revealed, or at least had not been intelligibly announced. The creed of the apostles could consist only in the loose and scattered sayings of their departed Master; in moral truths, neither systematically arranged nor distinctly developed; in parables, not always intelligible in their scope and application; in prophetic speeches, the intent of which was avowedly obscure and ambiguous; all these preserved by the precarious tenure of human memory,—and liable to all the variations which the different interests, opinions, or understandings of the several individuals might attach to their meaning. To illustrate this, suppose twelve men, taken from the midst of ourselves, of a similar station, and with the attainments usual in the class from which they are selected, and set them to form, not a new creed, from these vague and precarious data, but to interpret, without assistance, the written volume of the Bible. Every probability, as well as every precedent, will induce us to expect the most conflicting, contradictory, and irreconcilable confusion of opinions. I will take upon me to assert that the paramount and acknowledged authority of one influential leader would be absolutely necessary for the original development, as well as for the successful conduct of a scheme, like that of propagating a new religion.'

We cannot refrain from adding the following passage on the necessity of the miracles, of the resurrection of Christ, and the effusion of the Spirit, acknowledging that the same apostles, who are self-described in the Gospels, preached those facts:—

'Whence is the intelligence necessary to invent the sublime part of our religion, or the boldness to attest it? Is this the language, are these the doctrines which these fishermen learnt when dragging their nets by the lake of Genesareth, and toiling for their miserable subsistence? Is this the prompt and decisive conduct of followers, who but a few days before were listening in awe and amazement to the mysterious teaching of their master? who were unable to stir a step, to utter a word, to risk an opinion, without his previous authority and sanction? Is this bold and unhesitating avowal of these dangerous truths that of men who were lurking about in places of concealment, only safe because despised, only unpersecuted because beneath persecution? Say, that the apostles were deceivers; whence the moral courage, the unanimity, the self reliance, the eagerness for publicity, the defiance of danger? Say that they were enthusiasts; whence the sober and rational tone of their arguments, their continued assertion of facts, the systematic regularity of their proceedings, the combined

energy of their operations? What in this case was the end and object of their design? Say that they were both; how came the deception not to be betrayed by the enthusiasm, the enthusiasm not to be quenched and extinguished by the consciousness of the deception? Desperate boldness! to risk all their possibility of success on the assertion of facts which might at once be contradicted! which depended entirely on the united fidelity of those to whom they had set so recent an example of pusillanimity!

Anecdotes of Painting in England; with some Account of the Principal Artists; and Incidental Notes of other Arts; collected by the late Mr. GEORGE VERTUE; digested and published from his Original MSS. by the Honourable HORACE WALPOLE; with considerable Additions, by the Rev. JAMES DALLAWAY. Vol III. London, 1827. Major.

It is a memorable fact, however singular it may appear, that in those researches which are so particularly interesting to the bookish men of the present age, we owe more to two professors of the calcographic art, than to any other ingenious worthies of any other profession. We need but name Vertue and Strutt to bear us out in the remark.

We know not what would render a greater service towards the promotion of a general right feeling, than to publish a catalogue of those truly good and great men, who, in spite of humble birth or inferior occupations, have raised themselves superior to their fortune, by creating for themselves a name, by their contributions to the general stock of public information. Such men were these; for the pursuits of engraving in their day were little regarded, and sparingly rewarded: yet, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, they *digged and delved* in the mines of science for the benefit of their age, and went to the grave almost unheeded and unknown.

It is no less worthy of remark, that Stowe, indubitably the most famous antiquary, and Speed, equally acknowledged the most eminent historian, were both taylor's; yet, with all our nonsensical attachments to pride and prejudice, who but might be proud to own himself allied to ancient worthies like these?

It was fortunate for literature, that, when George Vertue died, there happened to be living a man of judgment and taste, in the person of a man of rank: such a one was the Honourable Horace Walpole. This enlightened gentleman, preferring the calm pursuits of elegant study to the ambitious turmoil of state-craft, employed his fortune in the cultivation of his mind; and, in the most enviable state of elegant retirement, lived to an advanced age, enjoying the luxury of study known to, and corresponding with, the most eminent for genius and science in all arts, who adorned a considerable portion of the last century.

It was the more fortunate that Mr. Walpole should have been destined to give to the world the result of the researches of this ingenious person, because the honourable editor was himself not only a man of research, and learned in ancient lore, but moreover a man of honour. No writer, perhaps, having equal means in his power of availing himself of

honours, which none could dispute, ever yielded to the fame of a predecessor, more scrupulously, all that to his fame was due. Nothing, under such temptation to shine in borrowed plumes, can exceed in noble candour the sentiments of the Honourable Horace Walpole.

‘When one offers to the public the labours of another person, it is allowable and predated to expatiate in praise of the work. Of this indulgence, however, I shall not make advantage. The industry of Mr. Vertue was sufficiently known; the antiquarian world had singular obligations to him. The many valuable monuments relating to our history, and to the persons of our monarchs and great men, which he saved from oblivion, are lasting evidences of his merit. What thanks were due to him for the materials of the following sheets, the public must determine. So far from endeavouring to prepossess them in favour of the work, it shall be my part fairly to tell them what they must expect.

‘In Italy, where the art of painting has been carried to an amazing degree of perfection, the lives of the painters have been written in numberless volumes, alone sufficient to compose a little library. Every picture of every considerable master is minutely described. Those biographers treat of the works of Raphael and Correggio with as much importance as commentators speak of Horace or Virgil; and indulging themselves in the inflated style of their language, they talk of pictures as works almost of divinity, while at the same time they lament them as perishing before their eyes. France, neither possessed of such masters, nor so hyperbolic in their diction, contrives however to supply by vanity what is wanting in either. Poussin is their miracle of genius; Le Brun would dispute precedence with half the Roman school. A whole volume is written even on the life and works of Mignard. Voltaire, who understands almost every thing, and who does not suspect that judgment in painting is one of his deficiencies, speaks ridiculously in commendation of some of their performers.

‘This country, which does not always err in vaunting its own productions, has not a single volume to show on the works of its painters. In truth, it has very rarely given birth to a genius in that profession. Flanders and Holland have sent us the greatest men that we can boast. This very circumstance may, with reason, prejudice the reader against a work, the chief business of which must be to celebrate the arts of a country which has produced so few good artists. This objection is so striking, that instead of calling it *The Lives of English Painters*, I have simply given it the title of *Anecdotes of Painting in England*. As far as it answers that term, perhaps it will be found curious. The indefatigable pains of Mr. Vertue left nothing unexplored that could illuminate his subject, and collaterally led him to many particularities that are at least amusing; I can tell them no more, nor would I advise any man, who is not fond of curious trifles, to take the pains of turning over these leaves. From the antiquarian I expect greater thanks; he is more cheaply pleased than a common reader; the one demands to be diverted, at least instructed—the other requires only to be informed.

‘Mr. Vertue had for several years been collecting materials for this work. He conversed and corresponded with most of the virtuosi in England; he was personally acquainted with the oldest performers in the science; he mi-

noted down every thing he heard from them. He visited every collection, made catalogues of them, attended sales, copied every paper he could find relative to the art, searched offices, registers of parishes and registers of wills for births and deaths, turned over all our own authors, and translated those of other countries which related to his subject. He wrote down every thing he heard, saw, or read. His collections amounted to near forty volumes large and small. In one of his pocket-books I found a note of his first intention of compiling such a work; it was in 1713; he continued it assiduously to his death in 1757. These MSS. I bought of his widow after his decease; and it will perhaps surprise the reader to find how near a complete work is offered to him, though the research was commenced at so late a period; I call it commenced; what little had been done before on the subject was so far from assistance, it was scarce of use. The sketch, called *An Essay towards an English School*, at the end of the translation of Depiles, is as superficial as possible; nor could a fact scarce be borrowed from it till we come to very modern times. In general I have been scrupulous in acknowledging both Mr. Vertue's debts and my own. The catalogues of the works of Hollar and Simon, and those of the collection of King Charles I., King James II., and the Duke of Buckingham, were part of Mr. Vertue's original plan, which is now completed by these volumes.

‘The compiler had made several draughts of a beginning, and several lives he had written out, but with no order, no connection, no accuracy; nor was his style clear or correct enough to be offered to the reader in that unpolished form. I have been obliged to compose anew every article, and have recurred to the original fountains from whence he drew his information; I mean where it was taken from books. The indigested method of his collections, registered occasionally as he learned every circumstance, was an additional trouble, as I was forced to turn over every volume many and many times, as they laid in confusion, to collect the articles I wanted; and for the second and third parts, containing between three and four hundred names, I was reduced to compose an index myself to the forty volumes. One satisfaction the reader will have, in the integrity of Mr. Vertue; it exceeded his industry, which is saying much. No man living, so bigotted to a vocation, was ever so incapable of falsehood. He did not deal even in hypothesis, scarce in conjecture. He visited and revisited every picture, every monument, that was an object of his researches; and being so little a slave to his own imagination, he was cautious of trusting to that of others. In his memorandums he always put a quære against whatever was told him of suspicious aspect; and never gave credit to it till he received the fullest satisfaction. Thus whatever trifles the reader finds, he will have the comfort of knowing that the greatest part at least are of the most genuine authority. Whenever I have added to the compiler's stores, I have generally taken care to quote as religiously the source of my intelligence. Here and there I have tried to enliven the dryness of the subject by inserting facts not totally foreign to it. Yet upon the whole I despair of its affording much entertainment. The public have a title to whatever was designed for them: I offer this to them as a debt—nobody will suspect that I should have chosen such a subject for fame.’

Whatever we may owe to the researches

of *Vertue*, and but for him we might have remained almost ignorant of the subject which had thus occupied so much of his valuable time, yet we are in no small degree obligated to the able pen which has thus given to the world the result of his valuable labours. The spirit and taste with which he has wrought together, and woven into a whole, the shreds and patches of information of the ingenious collector, has rendered a dry subject one of the most delightful, interesting, and complete works of the kind that ever issued from the press, or perhaps that ever was penned by the most illustrious ancient or modern biographer.

It is an additional subject for gratulation, that this edition has been edited by a gentleman so well qualified, by a long course of inquiry into, and an ardent fondness for, congenial pursuits, to add that species of information which is here given in the shape of incidental notes on other arts. These volumes may now be considered, though nothing more be added, as complete. We cannot better express our esteem then, for this new and elegant republication, than by continuing our extracts from the work in our forthcoming numbers; to which we purpose adding some remarks of our own, professing ourselves, if not entirely as learned as those of whom we write, at least as great enthusiasts in all the matters whereon they have written.

The third volume of this elegant work, which does so much credit to the spirit and taste of the publisher, however, is the subject of our present notice. We have given our opinion of the two former volumes, and this is no less worthy of eulogium. It is illustrated by fourteen portraits engraved on copper, with more than thirty others executed on wood, the whole of which are well selected, and form an interesting addenda to the library of the illustrator and collector. These are of painters who flourished principally during the reign of Charles the Second. Those characters which we shall select from the lively writer, as most likely to please our readers, are such whose works are most congenial to English feeling in their art; and first the two Vandeveldes, father and son, marine painters. Their heads, engraved on the same plate, are among the best graphic ornaments of the whole series. That of the younger Vandevelde, from the picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, engraved by W. Bond, is a beautiful specimen of the art, wherein the line and dot are united with the most effective skill. Of these favourite painters, we have the following well-written account of

WILLIAM VANDEVELDE,
Born 1610, died 1693,

distinguished from his more famous son of the same name, by the appellation of *the Old*, was born at Leyden in 1610, and learned to paint ships by a previous turn to navigation. It was not much to his honour that he conducted the English fleet, as is said, to burn Schelling. Charles II. had received him and his son with great marks of favour; it was pushing his gratitude too far to serve the king against his own country. Dr. Rawlinson, the antiquary, gave *Vertue* a copy of the following privy-seal, purchased among the papers of Secretary Pepys:

“Charles the second, by the grace of God, &c. to our dear cousin Prince Rupert, and the rest of our commissioners for executing the place of lord high-admiral of England, greeting. Whereas wee have thought fitt to allow the salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto William Vandevelde the elder for taking and making draughts of sea-fights; and the like salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto William Vandevelde the younger putting the said draughts into colours for our particular use; our will and pleasure is, and wee do hereby authorize and require you to issue your orders for the present and future establishment of the said salaries to the aforesaid William Vandevelde the elder and William Vandevelde the younger, to be paid unto them and either of them during our pleasure, and for so doing these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge. Given under our privy-seal at our pallace of Westminster, the 20th day of February in the 26th year of our reign.”

“The father, who was a very able master, painted chiefly in black and white, and latterly always put the date on his works. He was buried in St. James’s church; on the grave-stone is this inscription:—

“Mr. William Vandevelde, senior, late painter of sea-fights to their majesties King Charles II. and King James dyed 1693.”

WILLIAM VANDEVELDE, THE YOUNGER.
Born 1633, died 1707.

“William Vandevelde, the son, was the greatest man that has appeared in this branch of painting; the palm is not less disputed with Raphael for history, than with Vandevelde for sea-pieces; Annibal Caracci and Mr. Scott have not surpassed those chieftains. William was born at Amsterdam in 1633, and wanted no master but his father, till the latter came to England; then for a short time he was placed with Simon de Vlieger, an admired ship-painter of that time, but whose name is only preserved now by being united to his disciple’s. Young William was soon demanded by his father, and graciously entertained by the king, to whose particular inclination his genius was adapted. William, I suppose, lived chiefly with his father at Greenwich, who had chosen that residence as suited to the subjects he wanted. In King James’s collection were eighteen pieces of the father and son; several are at Hampton Court and at Hinchinbrook. At Buckingham House was a view of Solebay fight by the former, with a long inscription. But the best chosen collection of these masters is in a chamber at Mr. Skinner’s in Clifford Street, Burlington Gardens, assembled at great prices by the late Mr. Walker. Vandevelde the son having painted the junction of the English and French fleets at the Nore, whither King Charles went to view them, and where he was represented going on board his own yacht, two commissioners of the Admiralty agreed to beg it of the king, to cut it in two, and each to take a part. The painter, in whose presence they concluded this wise treaty, took away the picture and concealed it till the king’s death, when he offered it to Bullfinch, the print-seller, (from whom *Vertue* had the story,) for four score pounds. Bullfinch took time to consider, and returning to the purchase, found the picture sold for one hundred and thirty guineas. Afterwards it was in the possession of Mr. Stone, a merchant retired into Oxfordshire.

“William the younger died in 1707, as appears by this inscription under his print: Guilielmus Vanden Velde junior, navium & prospectuum marinarum pictor, et ob singularem

in illâ arte peritiam à Carolo et Jacobo 2do. Magnæ Britanniae regibus annuâ mercede donatus. Obiit 6 Apr. A. D. 1707. æt. suæ 74.

“William the elder had a brother named Cornelius, who like him painted shipping in black and white, was employed by King Charles, and had a salary.

“The younger William left a son, a painter too of the same style, and who made good copies from his father’s works, but was otherwise no considerable performer. He went to Holland and died there. He had a sister who was first married to Simon Du Bois, whom I shall mention hereafter, and then to Mr. Burgess. She had the portraits of her grandfather and father by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of her brother by *Wissing*, and of her great uncle Cornelius.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT’S LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(Continued from p. 446.)

THE victory of Marengo only inflated still more the pride of Napoleon. The plot of the infernal machine, which endangered his life, furnished him with a pretext of getting rid of the republicans, against whom he had even a stronger antipathy than against the royalists. One hundred and thirty persons were banished, notwithstanding the courageous opposition of Gregoire, Lanjuinais, and Lambrechts, and very soon afterwards he got himself nominated consul for life. France complained, the soldiers murmured, and the generals beheld with envy the boundless ambition of him who had been formerly their equal; conspiracies were formed; Pichegru, Moreau, Georges, Cadoudal, and their numerous accomplices, were successively arrested. The first was found strangled in his prison, the second was banished, the third perished on the scaffold, and, finally, while still stained with the blood of the Duke D’Enghien, Napoleon caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the French, on the 18th of May, 1804; was crowned by the pope, on the 2nd of December following, and was acknowledged King of Italy, the 15th of March, 1805.

The assassination of the Duke D’Enghien excited the indignation of France and the whole of Europe, sullied the finest actions of Napoleon, and was a wanton, useless, barbarous crime, which should be kept in the memory of nations to guard them against the power of tyrants:—

“On the evening of the 14th March, a body of French soldiers and gens d’armes, commanded by Colonel Ordenner, acting under the direction of Caulincourt, afterwards Duke of Vicenza, suddenly entered the territory of Baden, a power with whom France was in profound peace, and surrounded the chateau, in which the unfortunate prince resided. The descendant of Condé sprung to his arms, but was prevented using them by one of his attendants, who represented the force of the assailants as too great to be resisted. The soldiers rushed into the apartment, and presented their pistols, demanding to know which was the Duke d’Enghien. “If you desire to arrest him,” said the duke, “you ought to have his description in your warrant.”—“Then we must seize on you all,” replied the officer in command; and the prince, with his little household, were arrested and carried to a mill at some distance from the house, where he was permitted to re-

ceive some clothes and necessaries. Being now recognized, he was transferred, with his attendants, to the citadel of Strasburg, and presently afterwards separated from the gentlemen of his household, with the exception of his aide-de-camp, the Baron St. Jacques. He was allowed to communicate with no one. He remained a close prisoner for three days; but on the 18th, betwixt one and two in the morning, he was obliged to rise and dress himself hastily, being only informed that he was about to commence a journey. He requested the attendance of his valet-de-chambre, but he was answered it was quite unnecessary. The linen which he was permitted to take with him amounted to two shirts only, so nicely had his worldly wants been calculated and ascertained. He was transported with the utmost speed and secrecy towards Paris, where he arrived on the 20th; and, after having been committed for a few hours to the Temple, was transferred to the ancient Gothic castle of Vincennes, about a mile from the city, long used as a state prison, but whose walls never received a more illustrious or a more innocent victim. There he was permitted to take some repose; and, as if the favour had only been granted for the purpose of being withdrawn, he was awaked at midnight, and called upon to sustain an interrogatory, on which his life depended, and to which he replied with the utmost composure. On the ensuing night, at the same dead hour, he was brought before the pretended court. The law enjoined that he should have had a defender appointed to plead his cause. But none such was allotted to him.

The inquisitors before whom he was hurried, formed a military commission of eight officers, having General Hulin as their president. They were, as the proceedings express it, named by Bonaparte's brother-in-law, Murat, then governor of Paris. Though necessarily exhausted with fatigue and want of rest, the Duke d'Enghien performed, in this melancholy scene, a part worthy of the last descendant of the Great Condé. He avowed his name and rank, and the share which he had taken in the war against France, but denied all knowledge of Pichegru or of his conspiracy. The interrogations ended by his demanding an audience of the cabinet consul. "My peculiar distress of situation, lead me to hope that my request will not be refused."

The military commissioners paused and hesitated,—nay, though selected doubtless as fitted for the office, they were even affected by the whole behaviour, and especially by the intrepidity of the unhappy prince. But Savary, then chief of the police, stood behind the president's chair, and controlled their sentiments of compassion. When they proposed to further the prisoner's request of an audience of the first consul, Savary cut the discussion short by saying, that was inexpedient. At length they reported their opinion, that the Duke d'Enghien was guilty of having fought against the republic, intrigued with England, and maintained intelligence in Strasburg, for the purpose of seizing the place;—great part of which allegations, and especially the last, was in express contradiction to the only proof adduced, the admission, namely, of the prisoner himself. The report being sent to Bonaparte, to know his further pleasure, the court received for answer their own letter, marked with the emphatic words, "Condemned to death." Napoleon was obeyed by his satraps with Persian devotion. The sentence was pronounced, and the prisoner received it with the same intrepid gallantry

which distinguished him through the whole of the bloody scene. He requested the aid of a confessor. "Would you die like a monk?" is said to have been the insulting reply. The duke, without noticing the insult, knelt down for a minute, and seemed absorbed in profound devotion. "Let us go," he said, when he arose from his knees. All was in readiness for the execution; and, as if to stamp the trial as a mere mockery, the grave had been prepared ere the judgment of the court had been pronounced. Upon quitting the apartment in which the pretended trial took place, the prince was conducted by torch-light down a winding stair, which seemed to descend to the dungeons of the ancient castle.

"Am I to be immured in an aubiette?" he said, naturally recollecting the use which had sometimes been made of those tombs for the living.—"No, monseigneur," answered the soldier he addressed, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "be tranquil on that subject." The stair led to a postern, which opened into the castle ditch, where, we have already said, a grave was dug, beside which were drawn up a party of the gens d'armes d'élite. It was six o'clock in the morning, and day had dawned. But as there was a heavy mist on the ground, several torches and lamps mixed their pale and ominous light with that afforded by the heavens,—a circumstance which seems to have given rise to the inaccurate report, that a lantern was tied to the button of the unfortunate victim, that his slayers might take the more certain aim. Savary was again in attendance, and had taken his place upon a parapet which commanded the place of execution. The victim was placed, the fatal word was given by the future Duke de Rovigo, the party fired, and the prisoner fell. The body, dressed as it was, and without the slightest attention to the usual decencies of sepulture, was huddled into the grave with as little ceremony as common robbers use towards the carcasses of the murdered.—Vol. V. pages 111–115.

The authors of this cowardly assassination have since sought to justify themselves, but the allegations of Hulin, Savary, and of Napoleon, are contradicted, by a mass of substantial evidence. Is it the same with regard to Caulincourt? During his last moments, this general caused the following sentence to be inserted in his will, which Sir Walter Scott, who examines the validity of Napoleon's defence, ought to have recorded: "We do not lie to God in the presence of Death: I swear that I never had any thing to do with the arrest of the Duke D'Enghien." It is for history to weigh this testimony, emanating from the conscience of a dying man!

Upon the establishment of the French empire, which we have shewn took place soon after the assassination of the Duke D'Enghien, the power of Napoleon became more arbitrary, and aristocracy in some degree revived. It was about this period, and just after Napoleon had been solemnly establishing the Roman Catholic religion, that he asked General Delmas what he thought of the state of things in France? "Only," replied the latter, "that there wants that million of men who lost their lives in the destruction of that system which you have been at the pains of restoring." In fact, from this period every thing took a monarchical and anti-republican turn. A new aristocracy was created, and

the brothers of Napoleon became kings of the numerous republics which the Directory had established in Italy and Germany. Bonaparte had attained the height of power, but his ambition was still unsatisfied. "It was not enough for him," says General Foy, "to reign over one great nation, he openly aspired at universal monarchy. In this gigantic prospect, it was perhaps less the object than the events which would present themselves that fired his imagination,—for agitation was his element; he gloried in the terrors of the tempest, and the globe itself could scarcely furnish means sufficient to increase the celebrity of a name already too mighty. War was his delight; he loved it as we love a mistress in the spring time of life. To justify to others, and perhaps to himself, his unbounded projects, he represented the French Revolution to be *incompatible with the prejudices which have governed the world since the fall of the Roman empire*. His mission, he said, was not merely to govern France, but to subjugate all other nations to it, otherwise it would itself become annihilated. Setting out with this gratuitous supposition, he organised the empire for war—perpetual war. It was not to acquire the right of being an absolute prince that he combated in all climes; nothing prevented his becoming one at less expense; but, on the contrary, he founded despotism for the purpose of creating and constantly renewing the elements of war."—*Histoire de la Guerre de la Péninsule*.

We shall not follow Napoleon through his last campaigns in Germany. Immediately after the rupture of the treaty d'Amiens, he meditated a descent upon England, and collected the French army upon the sea coast from the Texel to the promontory of Bretagne. There cannot be a doubt of his intention to invade this country; but had he even effected the descent he contemplated, could he have made himself master of these isles? Be this as it may, the British government, alarmed at his numerous armaments, once more aroused Europe against him, and in 1805 the third coalition against France was formed. Napoleon quitted Boulogne in haste, crossed the Rhine with an army of 160,000 men, gained the victory of Vertingen, and soon after the memorable battle of Austerlitz, which was followed by the peace of Presbourg. In 1807 a new coalition was formed, with Prussia at its head, which terminated in favour of France, by the gaining of the battles of Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, and led to the peace of Tilsit. It was during this war that the system of continental blockading commenced, which had for its object the subjugation of England, by destroying its commerce, the continent having been subdued by force of arms. This measure gave rise to the invasion of Portugal, which, being a sort of English colony, opposed an obstacle to the complete establishment of Bonaparte's system. The war with Spain, the most unjust of any undertaken by Napoleon, broke out soon after. Austria thought this a favourable moment for avenging her defeats, but she was mistaken. The campaign of 1809 brought the French back to Vienna, and the

battles of Eslingen and Wagram compelled this power to sign a humiliating treaty.

In all these campaigns victory continued to crown the arms of Napoleon. The ancient conquerors of Italy combatted no longer for liberty, but their enthusiasm was excited by a man who addressed them in the language of honour and glory, and they conspired to raise trophies which could be profitable to him alone. It was in these wars that shone Massena, Bernadotte, Brune, Soult, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Murat, Augereau, Moncey, and a number of other generals, already distinguished under the republic. Massena, who became a duke and prince, began his career as a simple soldier. At the time of the Revolution, he was adjutant-major, and at this epoch he organised several battalions of volunteers, and obtained on the field of battle the rank of brigadier-general, and general of a division. In Italy and Germany he distinguished himself by the most noble exploits. This great general, whom Napoleon used to call the favoured son of victory, died some years after the second restoration, leaving to his son a colossal fortune, but none of his brilliant qualities.

Bernadotte, now king of Sweden, the descendant of a family belonging to the magistracy, was in 1789 adjutant sub-officer of a regiment of marines. He remained faithful to the royal cause till Louis XVI. took the oath of the constitution decreed by the National Assembly. He showed himself a staunch republican during the whole of the Revolution, and his principles often occasioned his disgrace. In the field of battle he was remarkable for great military talents; he also displayed extensive legislative knowledge. He at present reigns under the title of Charles XIII., and constitutes the happiness of his subjects.

Marshal Brune was the overseer of a printing office at the time the Revolution broke out. He signalised himself by splendid victories and noble disinterestedness during his command in Switzerland and Holland. He fell in 1815 by the poignards of the avengers of royalty.

Soult, whose numerous victories obtained him the title of Duke of Dalmatia, was the son of a mere peasant. He is at present the best informed marshal which France can boast of with regard to military sciences. His ambition is boundless: during the war he endeavoured to be made king of Portugal, and now he tries to gain the favour of the Bourbons by religious and political hypocrisy.

Lannes, duke of Monte Bello, whose heroic intrepidity had caused him to be styled the first grenadier in Europe, and who was killed at the battle of Wagram, was the son of a dyer. The eldest son of this general bids fair to be a courageous defender of liberty; he was much spoken of in the papers last autumn, during a visit which he made to England.

Marshal Mortier also raised himself from a low condition in life to the highest military ranks; he was remarkably brave, but very ordinary.

Few generals have fought more valiantly, or contributed more powerfully to the glory of the French arms, than Murat. Sprung from a plebeian family, he yet wore a kingly diadem. He betrayed Napoleon in 1814, and met his death in 1815, while attempting to recover his throne. He was shot by order of the King of Naples, together with twenty-nine of his officers.

Marshal Ney, like Murat, was an intrepid soldier, and of low origin, but he acquired in Russia the title of Prince of Moscow. He was one of the victims sacrificed to the vengeance of the Bourbons on their second restoration.

Marshal Davoust was the only one of all these generals who belonged to the nobility. In the beginning of the Revolution he urged his regiment to rebel against the royal cause. He was an ambitious, avaricious man, and acquired an immense fortune by his extortions from the people whom he conquered. He died in 1825.

Augereau, duke of Castiglione, was, like d'Avoust, ambitious and avaricious. Belonging to the class of the people, he was a *sans-culotte* under the Jacobins, and grovelling under the despotism of Napoleon. He survived the restoration of the Bourbons but a short time.

Moncey distinguished himself, like Augereau, by his republican enthusiasm, and was also of plebeian origin. He did himself honour by refusing to preside at the council of war which was to condemn Ney to death; but he afterwards tarnished this fine action by accepting a command in the war against Spain.

It was by the aid of such men as these that Napoleon obtained his success in his latter campaigns. They taught the soldier to forget the republic: being only simple generals at the time of their master's usurpation, they almost all beheld his elevation with joy, because the boundless field of hope opened before them, full of honours and rewards.

The peace of Vienna crowned a succession of victories unequalled in any succeeding campaigns, and which inflated still more the vanity of the emperor, who wishing for an heir to his empire, committed the enormous error of repudiating Josephine, whose counsels had been so eminently useful to him, and espousing the daughter of one of his most inveterate enemies.

'As a domestic occurrence, nothing could more contribute to Bonaparte's happiness than his union with Maria Louisa. He was wont to compare her with Josephine, by giving the latter all the advantages of art and grace; the former charms of simple modesty and innocence. His former empress used every art to support or enhance her personal charms; but with so much prudence and mystery, that the secret cares of her toilette could never be traced—her successor trusted for the power of pleasing, to youth and nature. Josephine mismanaged her revenue, and incurred debt without scruple. Maria Louisa lived within her income, or if she desired any indulgence beyond it, which was rarely the case, she asked it as a favour of Napoleon. Josephine, accustomed to political intrigue, loved the manage, to influence, and to guide her husband; Maria

Louisa desired only to please and to obey him. Both were excellent women, of great sweetness of temper, and fondly attached to Napoleon. In the difference between these distinguished persons, we can easily discriminate the leading feature of the Parisian, and of the simple German beauty; but it is certainly singular that the artificial character should have belonged to the daughter of the West Indian planter; the market, by nature and simplicity, to a princess of the proudest court in Europe*.—Vol. 7, p. 20, 21.

But this marriage, which, according to Sir Walter Scott, added to the domestic happiness of Napoleon, was fatal to his politics. By endeavouring to decorate his new court with the families of the ancient noblesse, he separated himself still more from the popular interest. By wishing to intermix the new and the old nobility, he displeased the former without conciliating the latter. And, finally, this marriage could not appease his warlike ardour; for, whilst an obstinate war still desolated the Peninsula, he turned his arms against Russia. With an army of 500,000 men he passed the Niemen on the 24th June, 1812. The battle of Smolensko, gained on the 17th of August, opened for him the route to Moscow, of which he made himself master, after the victory of Mojaik.

The description which Sir Walter Scott gives of the burning of this capital, is contrary to what has been written by the greater part of the persons who witnessed this disastrous event. According to him, the city was entirely abandoned; whilst, if we believe the Baron Fain, who was an eye-witness of the conflagration, and at that time historical secretary to Napoleon, 'the middling classes of society remained, almost entirely.' Again, according to Sir Walter, all the palaces and principal houses were deserted; whilst Mons. Fain, on the contrary, assures us, 'that the five hundred palaces of the nobility remained open, had none of the furniture removed from them, and that the servants waited at the doors for the arrival of the French army. The richest housekeepers,' he adds, 'on quitting the city, had left written intimation to the generals who might occupy their houses, announcing, that in a few days, as soon as the first troubles were over, they should return home.' Finally, Sir Walter Scott seems to doubt who it was that fired the city, although the incendiaries, who were seized in the act of firing the fatal train, avowed that they did it by the order of Rostopchin. 'There were nine hundred of them,' says the Baron Fain, 'whom the police of the governor Rostopchin had placed in the cellars to set fire to every quarter. They were convicted upon their own confessions, military execution followed, and their bodies were thrown into the flames which they had kindled†.'

The disasters attendant upon the retreat from Moscow are minutely detailed by Sir

* Josephine survived but a few weeks the first abdication of Napoleon. Maria Louisa, the widow of the greatest man of modern times, has passed from the imperial couch to the arms of a general undistinguished by his actions or connections.

† Manuscript of 1812, containing the particulars of the events of that year, by Baron Fain. 2 vols. in 8vo. 1827.

Walter Scott. The conspiracy of Mallet, which about this period broke out in Paris, and was on the point of overthrowing the imperial throne, is also explained at length by this author, who concludes his 7th volume by relating the events of the war of 1813, in which Napoleon gained the battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, and Dresden, and which terminated by that of Leipsic, so fatal to the French arms. It was at the battle of Dresden, which took place on the 27th of April, 1813, that Moreau, whom we have seen previously exiled by Napoleon, and who had returned from America at the earnest solicitations of the Emperor of Russia, and had contrived to place himself at the head of the allied armies, received the wound which occasioned his death. We entirely concur in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott respecting this general. Certainly if he came to overthrow the despotism of the destroyer of French liberty, he deserved praise: if he came to satiate his revenge, and to assist in oppressing France, his memory ought to be execrated by every noble and patriotic individual.

‘His conduct,’ says Sir Walter Scott, ‘in thus passing over to the camp of France’s enemies, has been ably defended by some as the act of a patriot, who desired to destroy the despotism which has been established in his country, while others have censured him for arming against his native land, in revenge for unworthy usage which he had received from its ruler. Much of the justice of the case must rest upon what we cannot know—the purpose, namely, of Moreau, in case of ultimate success. He certainly had not, as Bernadotte might plead, acquired such rights in, and such obligations to, another country, as to supersede the natural claims of his birth-place. Yet he might be justified in the eye of patriotism, if his ultimate object really was to restore France to a rational degree of liberty, under a regulated government; and such it is stated to have been. Any purpose short of this must leave him guilty of the charge of having sacrificed his duty to his country to his private revenge. He was, however, highly honoured, by the Emperor of Russia in particular, and his presence was justly considered as a great accession to the council of war of the allies.’—Vol. 7, p. 522, 523.

It is from the time of the retreat from Russia that we may begin to date the decline of the empire. All ranks began to be weary of the dominion of Napoleon. Those who had contributed to his elevation now abetted his enemies. The clergy secretly conspired against him since his rupture with the Pope. His generals, loaded with riches and honours, were desirous of resting and enjoying their fortunes. M. Fain describes the murmurs of Davoust and Murat under the walls of Moscow; Sir Walter Scott paints the discontent of Augereau at the beginning of the war of 1812. The campaign of 1813 had been a mixture of successes and reverses. Macdonald had been vanquished in Silesia; Ney near Berlin; Vandamme at Culm. Being no longer able to face his enemies, who opposed him on all sides, Napoleon, after the battle of Leipsic, retreated within the limits of his own empire, and began to make preparations for his astonishing campaign of 1814. But the mass of the nation was no longer in his

favour. His conscriptions were insufficient for the supply of the immense number of soldiers required by his battalions, which were constantly being thinned by war; and, as in the beginning of the Revolution, no reliance could be placed upon the assistance of the volunteer troops; for if, as Sir Walter judiciously observes, ‘A free state has millions of necks, a despotic government is in the situation desired by the imperial tyrant—it has but one.’ France itself was no longer to be relied on, for the various factions into which it was divided submitted with impatience to the imperial tyranny.

‘The first of these parties were the adherents of the Bourbons, who, reduced to silence by the long-continued successes of Bonaparte, still continued to exist, and now resumed their consequence. They had numerous partisans in the west and south of France, and many of them still maintained correspondence with the exiled family. * * *

‘This party began now to be active, and a royalist confederation organized itself in the centre of France as early as the month of March, 1813. The most distinguished members are said to have been the Dukes of Duras, Tremouille, and Fitzjames; Messrs. de Polignac, Ferrand, Mathieu de Montmorency, Sosthene de la Rochefoucault, Sermaison, and la Rochejaquelein. Royalist commanders had been nominated in different quarters—Count Suzannes in the lower Poitou, Duras in Orleans and Tours, and the Marquis de Riviere in the province of Berry. Bourdeaux was full of royalists, most of them of the mercantile class, who were ruined by the restrictions of the continental system, and all waited anxiously a signal for action.

‘Another internal faction, noways desirous of the return of the Bourbons, yet equally inimical to the power of Napoleon, consisted of the old republican statesmen and leaders, with the more zealous part of their followers. These could not behold with indifference the whole fruits of the revolution, for which so much misery had been endured, so much blood spilled, so many crimes committed, swept away by the rude hand of a despotic soldier. They saw, with a mixture of shame and mortification, that the issue of all their toils and all their systems had been the monstrous concoction of a military despotism, compared with which every other government in Europe might be declared liberal, except perhaps that of Turkey. During the monarchy, so long represented as a system of slavery, public opinion had in the parliaments zealous advocates, and an opportunity of making itself known; but in imperial France all was mute, except the voice of hired functionaries, mere trumpets of the government, who breathed not a sound but what was suggested to them. A sense of this degraded condition united in secret all those who desired to see a free government in France, and especially such as had been active in the commencement of the revolution. * * *

‘A great part of the population of France, without having any distinct views as to its future government, were discontented with that of Bonaparte, which, after having drained the country of men and wealth, seemed about to terminate, by subjecting it to the revenge of incensed Europe. When these were told that Bonaparte could not bear to sit upon a tarnished throne, or wear a crown of which the glory was diminished, they were apt to consider how often it was necessary that the best

blood of France should be expended in washing the one and restoring the brilliancy of the other. They saw in Napoleon a bold and obstinate man, conscious of having overcome so many obstacles, that he could not endure to admit the existence of any which might be insurmountable. They beheld him obstinately determined to retain every thing, defend every thing, venture every thing, without making the least sacrifice to circumstances, as if he were in his own person independent of the laws of destiny, to which the whole universe is subject. These men felt the oppression of the new taxes, the terrors of the new conscription, and without forming a wish as to the mode in which he was to be succeeded, devoutly desired the emperor’s deposition. But when an end is warmly desired, the means of attaining it soon come to occupy the imagination; and thus many of those who were at first a sort of general malcontents, came to attach themselves to the more decided faction either of the royalists or liberalists.

‘These feelings, varying between absolute hostility to Napoleon, and indifference to his fate, threw a general chilliness over the disposition to resist the invasion of the strangers, which Bonaparte had reckoned on as certain to render the war national amongst so high-spirited a people as the French. No effort was spared to dispel this apathy, and excite them to resistance; the presses of the capital and the provinces, all adopted the tone suggested by the government, and called forth every one to rise in mass, for defence of the country. But, although, in some places, the peasants were induced to take arms, the nation at large showed a coldness, which can only be accounted for by the general idea which prevailed, that the emperor had an honourable peace within his power, whenever he should be disposed to accept of it.’—Vol. 8, p. 17, 24.

Deprived of the support of the nation, and left to contend alone against the whole of Europe, Napoleon nevertheless lost none of his vigour and audacity. The Austrians, who were advancing by Italy, he charged Augereau to arrest at the foot of the Alps; the English, who were descending the Pyrenees, were detained for some time by Soult on the frontiers of Spain, which rendered victory long undecided under the walls of Toulouse. A hundred thousand men, under the command of Bernadotte, had invaded Belgium, and General Maison was ordered to stop their progress. As to Napoleon, he skilfully placed himself between Blucher, who was descending the Marne with an army of 130,000 men, and Schwartzemberg, who was descending the Seine with 150,000. He run from one to the other of these armies, and beat each in turn. Blucher was vanquished at Champaubert, at Montmirail, Chateau-Thierry, and Vauchamp; and the Austrians were overthrown at Montreau. Victory seemed disposed to crown once more the exertions of her favourite; and Napoleon might perhaps have driven the allies from his frontiers, but for the defection of Murat in Italy, the betrayal of Ragusa, and the intrigues of Talleyrand, who, by recalling the Bourbons to France, left Napoleon no alternative but abdication, and the choice of a voluntary exile.

‘Napoleon having now resigned himself entirely to his fate, whether for good or evil, pre-

pared, on the 20th April, to depart for his place of retreat. But first, he had the painful task of bidding farewell to the body in the universe most attached to him, and to which he was probably most attached,—his celebrated imperial guard. Such of them as could be collected were drawn out before him in review. Some natural tears dropped from his eyes, and his features had the marks of strong emotion while reviewing for the last time, as he must then have thought likely, the companions of so many victories. He advanced to them on horseback, dismounted, and took his solemn leave. All Europe, he said, had armed against him, France herself had deserted him, and chose another dynasty. He might, he said, have maintained with his soldiers a civil war of years, but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful, he continued, (and the words were remarkable,) to the new sovereign whom France has chosen. Do not lament my fate; I will always be happy while I know you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the road of honour. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general,—(he pressed the general to his bosom.) Bring hither the eagle, (he embraced the standard, and concluded:) “Beloved eagle, may the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave!—Adieu, my children,—adieu, my brave companions,—surround me once more—adieu.” Drowned in grief, the veteran soldiers heard the farewell of their de-throned leader; sighs and murmurs broke from their ranks, but the emotion burst out in no threats or remonstrances. They appeared resigned to the loss of their general, and to yield, like him, to necessity.—Vol. 8, p. 247, 248.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Vita e Lettere Familiari di Galileo Galilei, per V. VIVIANI. Venezia, in 12. 1827.

Vita di Torquato Tasso, par G. MANSO. Venezia, in 12. 1827.

The Life and Letters of Galileo, and the Life of Tasso.

GREAT men are never without their biographers; but these are of two species. Those who have been the author's contemporaries write only from experience, and keeping a just mien between indifference and enthusiasm, they generally assume a tone of unaffected simplicity which conciliates the confidence of the reader, and gives their pictures the appearance of being drawn from nature. Others, who have lived at an epoch more or less distant, are more apt to consult their imaginations than to adhere to historic facts, and, indulging at once in academic eloquence, they amuse themselves with embellishing every thing, and drawing continually from the fertile sources of the marvellous, though they occasionally descend to minute details which weaken the beauty of their recitals more than they are aware of. The former of these two classes are impartial historians, who sketch their portraits with general outlines, whence arises the grandeur of the whole: the second are careful panegirists, who, like the sculptor described by Horace, are particular even to the hair and the nails.

Several great scholars of the last century

have written the lives of Galileo and Tasso, two of the most extraordinary men of the 15th century, one of whom founded the basis of true physics and real astronomy, and the other enchanted the world by producing a chef-d'œuvre of poetry which revived among moderns the genius of Homer and Virgil. The works of these biographers are rich, magnificent, and elaborate, though sufficiently voluminous to comprehend the history of a great empire which renders them heavy. Among the ancient biographies of Galileo and Tasso, however, there are two, written by Viviani and Manso, which, eclipsed by later productions, have continued buried and nearly forgotten amid the dust of the libraries. Viviani was the pupil of Galileo, and being particularly beloved and distinguished by his master, had lived for many years in the greatest intimacy with him. Manso was a Neapolitan gentleman, whose hospitable mansion was first a refuge to Tasso, and afterwards to Milton: the latter employed his brilliant pen in eulogizing the virtues of his noble friend, in one of his Latin productions entitled *Mansus*. Both Manso and Vivian had studied intimately the genius and character of the precursor of Newton and of the author of *Jerusalem Delivered*, they have transmitted to posterity an interesting picture of them, which, free from affectation or inaccuracy, displays occasionally the grace and ingenuity of Plutarch. In our opinion, the editor who has drawn these works from oblivion, and who has reprinted and presented them to the world, has rendered an essential service to literature.

ORIGINAL.

THINK NOT OF ME.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.*

MOORE.

AMIDST the gay and festive crowd,
Whilst mirth and revelry are loud,
With brow serene, and smile all bright,
And heart o'erfull of soft delight,
Think not of me! think not of me!
When spring its blooming treasure brings,
On balmy Zephyr's fragrant wings,
Thou, and some fond one lingering by,
To joy thee 'neath the radiant sky,
Think not of me! think not of me!
Whilst joy, and health, and beauty's beam,
Spread round the magic of their dream,
And worshippers all near thee press,
Seeking whom most thy smile may bless,
Think not of me! think not of me!
But when some bitter grief shall trace
Its pallid ravage on thy face,
When sickness dims thy lustrous eye,
And suffering wakes the painful sigh,
Then think of me! then think of me!
When those who loved thee most have fled,
Unmindful of the tears thou'st shed,
And mock with scorn and worldly guile,
The trusting fondness of thy smile,
Then think of me! then think of me!
When thou wouldst taste the sweet repose,
(Like fresh'ning dew to drooping rose,)
From other's ills, in after years,
And seekest one to dry thy tears,
Then think of me! then think of me! G. D. R.

DIALOGUES ON TURKISH MANNERS.

A FRENCH journal has given an anticipatory specimen of a series of dialogues, in which the author, M. Paleologue, sketches the manners and opinions of the Turkish nation. That he is well qualified to undertake the task, as far as regards an acquaintance with the people whom he undertakes to exhibit, may be presumed from his being himself a native of Constantinople; and that he has executed it with a considerable degree of spirit will, we think, be admitted, if the following dialogue be a fair sample of the work. The idea is novel, and has moreover the merit of admitting various details and piquant traits, that could not so well be introduced in any other form of composition. Although a Greek by birth, the author has endeavoured to divest himself as much as possible of national prejudice, and to represent his enemies as impartially as possible. The interlocutors of the dialogue we here give, are a dervish (a mendicant monk;) an imam, or priest of a mosque; and Mustapha, a young Turk:—

Mustapha. How long is it to the Feast of Beiram?

Imam. It will take place in eight days, it being now twenty days since the new moon.

Must. To confess the truth, I begin to be heartily weary of this said *Romazan**. The days are so long when one must not eat! I therefore look forward to sunset with as much impatience as for the appearance of the Holy Prophet himself; and no sooner do I behold his last rays sink behind the mountains, than I seat myself at table, not to rise from it again until the day begins to break.

Derv. And do you continue eating all the while?

Must. No, not the whole time; but I make myself amends for the fast I am obliged to observe by day, by feasting my eyes continually on the dishes before me.

Imam. Without doubt it is a great hardship not to be allowed to touch any food from morning till night; yet—

Must. At least if one might drink—were it only so much as to moisten one's lips with a drop of water in this sultry season—that would be something.

Imam. The laws of our religion prohibit it; we must obey them without murmuring.

Must. But it is being deprived of my pipe that I take most to heart.

Imam. So much the better; during this holy season, a true Mussulman ought to abstain from whatever is gratification.

Must. Still it is very hard not to be allowed either to smoke or take snuff.

Derv. Whoever believes in our prophet, ought, during this moon, not only to deny himself every corporeal gratification, but avoid laughing and jesting; nay should even speak no more than is absolutely necessary.

Must. Aye, so you may say, Dervish; but who can possibly observe such strict rules. There is not one person in a thousand who can keep Lent after this fashion.

Derv. So much the worse, Mustapha Aga; so much the worse.

Must. You Dervishes and Imams may perhaps be able to adhere to such a system of discipline; but it is because you have nothing else to do. You may lie abed all day; and when one is abed, one thinks neither of eating, smoking, nor talking. But with us who have

* The Turkish Lent.

affairs of our own to attend to, and who are forced to be about all the time, it is a very different matter. Not only is it impossible for us to observe strictly all the ordinances of Lent; but there are a variety of practices at other times of the year with which it is impossible for us to conform. Every true believer, for instance, ought to go five times a-day to the Tchami*; and yet you find very few people there. The greater part content themselves with performing their ablutions at home, when they hear the hour of prayer announced; and how many are there who cannot do even this.

Imam. Is it then too much to pray five times a-day? God wished that his creatures should offer up their prayers to him fifty times within that space; and it was only at the solicitation of our great prophet that he reduced the number to five. The oftener a man prays, the more is he beloved by God and his prophet.

Must. Without doubt; but we must not load an ass with more than he can carry. Five times a day may be a trifle for an Imam or Dervish, but it is too much for those who have business to attend to. If a merchant happens to be concluding a bargain, at the instant the Merezim cries from the top of the minaret, must he therefore lose his *monsteri* (customer,) that he may go to prayers? Must the boatman, who is rowing on the canal, let go his oars; or the porter throw down the load he is carrying, to run to the tchami?

Imam. In the cases you mention it is allowable to pray on the spot where we happen to be, provided only that we observe the other conditions enjoined us.

Derv. But having once begun your prayer, you must on no consideration stir from the spot you are standing on, whatever dangers may menace you; or, not even though the ground should tremble beneath your feet; not if the thunder-bolt should burst over your head; not if your enemy should brandish his drawn sabre before your face.

Imam. Least of all, should any regard for your worldly interest induce you to violate this holy injunction.

Must. Still one must earn one's livelihood.

Derv. It is even yet more necessary to attend to our religious duties, and secure ourselves from the curse of our holy prophet.

Must. But then one must either die of hunger, or rob others in order to live.

Derv. God will not desert his creatures. Do only as we Dervishes do: we never think of the morrow; and yet, you see, we do not perish.

Must. Yes, because you live upon alms; but you must own that if all the rest of the world were to follow your example, you Dervishes would not fare so well.

Derv. One may always live upon herbs, fruit, and water.

Must. Without doubt; and for you who profess celibacy, such a regimen may be very suitable; if you had children to support, you could not feed them upon herbs.

Derv. And why not? Do not all animals do so? and yet their offspring thrive, and their species is preserved. Are you of opinion that men are more necessary on earth than other animals? The increase of the human race is rather to be deplored, for since their numbers are become so great, they are continually sinning against their Creator. Were it not for true believers like ourselves, the world would have been destroyed long ago. It is only our prayers that preserve it. I do not allude to the

* Mosque.

Giaours, those infidels from whom God averts his face, but am speaking of our own nation, which has been created to reign over the earth, but which is now so polluted by our sins, that it seems as if God and his prophet has abandoned us.

Imam. Alas, that is the reason why our empire declines more and more every day. It is on this account that we are no longer respected either by kral* or by Christian nations, as our ancestors were. At present we are the mockery of the infidels, and they do with us just as they please.

Must. As to me, Imam, you are mistaken. I assure you they do not act as they like with me. I despise the dogs.

Imam. Nevertheless, my son, little as you may suspect it, you suffer from them as well as others do. Do you not see how, day by day, they abolish some one or other of our ancient customs,—some law consecrated by so many ages, and established by so many virtues? Their abominable customs gradually find their way among us, although we know not how. Every thing is either changed or is changing in Turkey. They interfere with our jurisprudence; we must be answerable to them for the manner in which we treat our *rayas*†; they are now trying to reform our army, and before long they will probably drive us from our European possessions.

Derv. If it be so decreed, we cannot help ourselves. The will of the must prophet be accomplished.

Must. But will our government suffer them to do so?

Imam. Our government! our ministers are so abject, so mean, that they even pay their court to the envoys of these infidels. They compliment, they visit them. It is even said that they carry their servility and degradation so far as to eat and drink with them.

Derv. All their *eltzir*‡ are but so many spies. Why are they suffered to reside in the capital; why are they not sent to the Isle of Princes?

Must. I would rather send them at once to Scitan (Satan.)

Imam. That would avail us nothing. Without doubt our vices originated with those who are in office, but now the corruption has infected the mass of the people. All the injunctions and commandments of the prophet are trampled under foot. Osmenlis (Mahometans) may now be seen playing at games of chance. Not only are prayers and Lent disregarded, but Mussulmans venture to disregard the laws of the prophet respecting prohibited foods and liquors. Nay, would you credit it, I have seen them eat pork!

Must. Yet I should like to be informed, as you know so much of the matter, why the flesh of the hog is prohibited? Is it true, as has been said, that this animal once rooted up certain bladders filled with water, which the prophet had caused to be secretly buried in the ground, for the purpose of performing a miracle in the desert similar to one worked by a Jew in ancient times; and that in order to punish the poor beast, he pronounced a curse upon it, and forbid its flesh to be eaten?

Derv. What blasphemy!

Imam. Young man, from what infernal spirit did you learn that abominable tale? Think you that the great prophet needed to have recourse to such tricks to work a miracle, when

* The monarchs of Christendom.

† All Mahometan subjects who are not Mussulmans, viz. Greeks, Jews, Armenians, &c.

‡ Ambassadors.

he was constantly attended by thousands of legions of angels, and supported a whole town by means of a basket of dates?

Derv. The hog is a filthy, impure, vile animal; it is on this account that we are forbidden to eat its flesh. But supposing there was no such reason for abstaining from it, are we to examine and question the commandments of our master? No, my son, we ought to believe without examining: that is the true principle of our religion, and the rule of conduct for every true believer. Let us leave infidels to discuss the doctrines of their faith.

Must. Pardon me, good fathers, I merely repeated what I had heard.

Imam. You perceive, my son, how easy it is to fall into the snares of these infidels; it is thus that their falsehoods corrupt and pervert many of our nation. In the capital, a certain degree of respect is still paid to ancient customs; but in the provinces you will meet with shameful doings. There you will behold infidels riding on horseback; you will see their houses painted, and their persons adorned with embroidery of gold, with splendid robes, with dresses of red and even green*; in a word, they indulge in every species of luxury. They are allowed to do whatever they please, provided they make presents to the Agas.

Derv. Now-a-days, gold is regarded as a divinity, is preferred to the paradise of the Osmenlis.

Imam. Give but a hundred purses to a Pacha or to the Vizier himself, and you may rebuild a church; or for a third of that sum, you may establish a Christian school. Thus it is that half our empire will, ere long, be peopled with infidels.

Must. I have been told that many books, written by Franks, have lately been translated into our language.

Imam. Ah! those accursed books! they are the most terrible scourge that the prophet, in his wrath, has sent for the punishment of our sins.

Derv. May the worms devour those detestable papers, may mice eat them, and fire consume them.

Imam. Fortunately, the people cannot read, for were the poison contained in those pernicious and execrable books once to propagate itself, we should behold the destruction of the Ottoman empire.

Must. Have you read any of these writings?

Imam. Heaven forbid that I should, my son! And do you beware that you do not touch them. Should any of them, at any time, fall into your hands, the best use you can make of them, will be to burn them instantly. If I were rich, I would buy them all up, that I might commit them to the flames, for I should thereby save some thousands of souls.

Must. But I have been assured that all their books do not deserve such treatment. Without doubt, there are some very bad ones—those, for instance, that treat of the history of the country, of the Franks, of their manners, their customs; such I would destroy without scruple; but there are others that are not so bad.

Imam. They are all bad.

Derv. How can they possibly be otherwise, since they come from the Franks? Was there ever any thing good produced by them?

Must. Still those which treat of the art of war?

* Green is considered by the Turks as a holy colour, and no one but Emirs or descendants of the prophet are allowed to wear it, and that only for their turbans.

Imam. And do you then imagine, that if these infidels know any secret in military operations, they would reveal it to us? The perfidious wretches would rather teach us the very reverse. Had our ancestors, who were so valiant and so powerful in the field, any need for the instructions of the Franks?

Must. But tell me what we have to apprehend from those books which teach us how to make calculations.

Imam. We know how to do that without them.

Derv. Do not our merchants calculate extremely well with their rosaries.

Imam. We do not need the Franks to teach us this, or any thing else. We want to have nothing at all to do with them.

Must. And yet, I hear that their books increase considerably among us, not by transcribing, but by means of a certain machine, of which I know not the name.

Derv. You probably mean the press.

Imam. Yes, it is the accursed press—the infernal art of printing. It has now been introduced among us for some years, and it will eventually prove the destruction of our unhappy country.

FINE ARTS.

THE metropolitan exhibitions of works of the living artists having closed, the tourists may now amuse themselves in visiting such provincial ones as may occur in their respective routes.

We have lately more than once adverted to the public spirit which the town of Manchester has manifested in its encouragement of the Fine Arts. We have just seen a circular letter from that enlightened district, announcing the intention of the patrons of the arts there to establish an exhibition of paintings in water colours, and inviting the metropolitan professors of this new and delightful branch of art, to participate in the advantages of the proposed institution. We respect the good taste and right feeling which, united, have begotten this plan for diffusing the love of *virtu* to this populous part of the empire; and trust that the same patriotic feeling will induce the artists of London, in furtherance of the object of this laudable scheme, to second the efforts of their ingenious contemporaries of the flourishing and intellectual town of Manchester. We shall use our best exertions in aid of a scheme so highly creditable to its projectors, and fervently wish that their munificent example would be imitated in every city and great town in the empire.

Mr. Stark, an artist residing at Norwich, and known to the public as one of the ablest landscape painters of the day, is about to publish, from a series of pictures made expressly for the work, the 'Scenery of the rivers Yare and Waveney.' As it is intended to form Norwich into a port, much of the exceeding beautiful landscape on the banks of the river must be sacrificed to this commercial design; it is therefore some gratification to learn, that some memorial of its more interesting features will be preserved. The work, which will be dedicated to the Lord High Admiral, will consist of four parts, each containing six views, engraved in the

line manner, by artists of the first excellence. The letter-press, consisting of historical, geological, and descriptive accounts of the courses of the rivers, and of the intended works to be erected along the line of navigation to Lowestoffe, is written by Mr. J. W. Robberds.

VARIETIES.

A few months before Lord Eldon retired from office, he provided a well-assorted equity library, which was much needed, for the use of the Chancery Bar at Westminster. We understand it was a voluntary gift of his lordship, and that a printed catalogue of its contents was submitted to several of the most experienced practitioners, with a request that, if any deficiency could be discovered, it might be pointed out, it being the wish of the learned lord to render this library as useful as possible.

Chester.—The extensive improvements now going on at Chester will, in the course of a few years, render that city very beautiful. A new bridge has been commenced across the Dee, of which the proposed span of the arch is 200 feet, and its altitude from low-water mark 60 feet; so that it will considerably exceed any structure of the kind ever before erected. It is intended, also, to build a new church and cemetery, the ground for which will be cleared and consecrated in a few weeks. The removing of the buildings intersecting the line of the new street, from St. Bridget's church to the castle, will be immediately renewed. The scene which will be thus ultimately formed, having the castle on one side, the beautiful new church on the other, and the stupendous bridge in front, will not be easily paralleled for its grandeur, by any other of the kind in the kingdom.

Anecdote of Napoleon.—In a work lately published in Paris by De Bausset, an ancient prefect of the Imperial Palace, the following anecdote, amongst a number of others, appears worthy of being recorded. During the meeting at Erfurt, in one of those assemblies of the sovereigns which then took place daily, the conversation turned by chance on the golden bull, which, at the establishment of the confederation of the Rhine, had answered the purpose of a constitution, and regulated the election of the emperors. The Prime Primate entered into some details, saying that this bull was in 1409. . . . Napoleon made him observe, that the date was not exact, and that this bull had been proclaimed in 1336, under the reign of the Emperor Charles IV. 'That is true, sire,' replied the primate, 'I am mistaken; but how is it that your majesty is so well acquainted with these things?' 'When I was only second lieutenant of artillery,' said Napoleon, and at these words there was an evident sensation among the princes who were listening, 'when I had the honour to be only second lieutenant of artillery,' repeated Bonaparte, smiling, 'I remained three years in garrison at Valence. Not being fond of society, I lived very retired; and, being fortunately lodged near to a librarian, who was both a well instructed and an obliging man, I read his library through and through during that

time, and I have not since forgotten any thing of what I read, not even that which was the most contrary to my own pursuits.'

Gaming in Poland.—Le Constitutionnel of the 16th inst. states, that the Count of Savinski, one of the richest noblemen in Poland, has lately lost, at a single game of piquet, 20,000 arpens (800,000 acres) of wood, and a magnificent castle, on the banks of the Esta, with the Prince Dolgourouki. The Count of Savinski is the same nobleman who, while ambassador at Constantinople, gained of a captain pacha, at chess, twelve slaves and 16,000 leopard skins, which sold in Hungary for 1,600,000 francs, or £64,000; but he liberated the slaves.

Cure for the Croup.—Blow alum-powder into the throat; repeating the treatment several times, as necessary. M. Bretonneau, of Tours, the discoverer, has invented a suitable instrument.

Thames Tunnel.—Tuesday, a board of directors of the Thames Tunnel Company was held, when Mr. Brunel reported the steps taken for overcoming the late disasters, which, it appears, have been so successful, that it is expected the work will very shortly be resumed.

New Fire.—We have recently seen a description of fire, procured from a very cheap and common liquid, without wicks, which produces heat so intense, as to boil a kettle of water in a few minutes, and causes a much greater ebullition than coal fire. It is applicable to all the purposes of cookery to any extent, and would, therefore, be peculiarly convenient to the naval and merchant service. In the summer season it would be the most agreeable and economical fire which families could wish for, as it may be kindled in a moment, and extinguished merely by closing a valve. It is free from all danger, as the liquid will unite only in the cauldron in which it is used. It is about to be tried in its application to the boilers of steam engines; and, if it answers, steamboats may soon traverse all the seas on the surface of the globe, as the liquid that supplies the fire may be contained within a very moderate compass.—*Monthly Review.*

Animal Bodies preserved from Putrefaction.—Among the most remarkable curiosities in the city of Bremen, is the extraordinary property of a vault in the cathedral, by which bodies are preserved in the same manner as if they were embalmed. This vault is sixty paces long, and thirty broad; the light and air are constantly admitted to it by three windows, though it is several feet beneath the ground. Here are five large oak coffins, each containing a body. The most curious and perfect is that of a woman, said to be an English countess, who, dying in Bremen, ordered that her body should be placed in this vault, expecting that her relations would cause it to be carried over to her native country. However, it has remained here two hundred and fifty years: though the muscular skin is totally dried in every part, yet so little are the features changed, that nothing is more certain, than that she was young and even beautiful. It is a small countenance, round in its contour, the hair as light and glossy as that of a living person. In another coffin is the body of a workman, who fell from the top of the cathedral, and was killed instantly. His features forcibly show the painful nature of his death; extreme agony is marked in them; his mouth and eyelids are wide open, the eyes are dried up; his breast is unnaturally distended, and his whole frame betrays a violent death.—*United States Review*, June, 1827.

By returns made to Parliament of the number of stamps used in printing newspapers, it appears that, in the year 1826, 25,684,003 were issued for England and Wales, 1,296,549 for Scotland, and 3,473,014 for Ireland, making a total, in the united kingdom, of 30,453,566.

Two editions, in English, of Sir W. Scott's Napoleon are published in Paris,—one 67f. 50c.; the other, 50f. This work, in London, is 120f.

NORTH AMERICAN EXPEDITION.—Intelligence has been received of this expedition, of which we must give some account. It will be recollected that in 1825, Captain Franklin established his head quarters at a fort on Great Bear Lake, and June 21, 1826, he divided the expedition into two parties:—the one, under the charge of Captain Franklin, proceeded in a western course from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and the other eastward to the Coppermine river. At the place of separation, named Parting Point by Captain F., the river divides into a number of widely diverging branches, separated from each other by low and partially flooded lands. In the preceding autumn, Captain F. had descended a middle channel, and reached the seat at Garry's Island in lat. 69 deg. 30 min. N. long. 135 deg. 45 min. W. Now, accompanied by Lieutenant Black, eleven British seamen, marines, and landmen, two Canadian voyagers, and one Esquimaux interpreter, and taking two mahogany boats, he entered the most westerly arm which winds round the base of the rocky mountains, and reached its mouth on the 7th of July. Its outlet is so barred by sand banks, that the crews were compelled to drag the boats for miles even at the top of high water. The accounts then state the difficulties the party had to contend with, through freebooting Esquimaux, who attempted to seize the boats; ice, which prevented them advancing, from July 9 to August 4, more than about a mile or two a-day; thick fogs, heavy gales, and stormy weather. They reached, however, by August 18, the 150th deg. of longitude, and had then performed more than half the distance along the coast to Icy Cape. had plenty of provisions, boats in good order, and an open sea. But Captain Franklin, not thinking it prudent to attempt to proceed to Kotzebue Sound, by traversing an unknown coast at that advanced season, especially under the great uncertainty whether the Blossom had reached that place, and moreover informed of the intentions of the Esquimaux to assemble in great force at the mouth of the Mackenzie, for plunder, decided to return, and arrived at Bear Lake, September 21. It is to be lamented, Capt. Franklin did not persevere, for Capt. Beechey had reached the sound, and after waiting as long as prudence permitted, was disappointed in his non-arrival. He says that he was 'so sanguine of Captain Franklin's success, from what he had seen of the coast about Prince Regent's Inlet, and the facility generally offered to boats proceeding between the land and the ice, that the appearance of every baidar, or native boat, that rounded the point of the anchorage, gave rise to the most lively hopes.' In case of his arrival, leaving a supply of flour and a case of beads, Captain Beechey was obliged, on the 14th of October, to steer out of the sound. With regard to the other detachment, consisting of Dr. Richardson, Mr. Kendall, the assistant surveyor, one seaman, two marines, six landmen, and an Esquimaux, with two boats (one built of mahogany, the other of fir on the spot,) they pursued the eastern-most channel of the river, that by which Mackenzie returned from the sea and described by him, and reached the sea, July 7, in lat. 69 deg. 29 min. N. long. 183 deg. 24 min. W. Having experienced several difficulties from the Esquimaux, bad weather, coasting a shore of a very peculiar nature, and the ice, &c. they at last entered the Coppermine river, on the 8th of August. And they were convinced that towards the end of that month there is a free passage for a ship along the northern coast of America, from the 100th to the 150th deg. of west long.; and to the E. of the Mackenzie there are some commodious harbours. The whole difficulty in performing the north-west passage in a ship seems to be in attaining the coast of the continent through the intricate straits which lead from Baffin's to Hudson's Bays. The Rapids, obstructing the navigation of the Coppermine, prevented them from bringing their boats above eight miles from the sea. Leaving them, therefore, to the Esquimaux, with the remainder of their stores, tents, &c., they set out overland to Fort Franklin, carrying, exclusive of instruments, arms, ammunition, and a few specimens of plants and minerals, merely a blanket and ten days' provisions, and arrived at the fort on September 1, after an absence of seventy-one days.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

OXFORD.

July 5.—C. Palaret, B.A., of Queen's, was elected a fellow of that society, on Mr. Michel's foundation.

July 9.—Mr. F. Wickham was admitted scholar of New College.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Bishop of Lincoln will vacate the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Michaelmas. Candidates (by report) Drs. Wordsworth (master of Trinity), Hollingworth (Norrisian professor,) French (master of Jesus), and the Rev. T. Turton, B.D. (late professor of mathematics.)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. W. A. Norton, M.A. of Alderton, Suffolk, to the rectory of Shenfrith, Monmouthshire.

The Rev. H. P. Willoughby, B.A. of Exeter, to the rectory of Burthorpe.

The Rev. W. Marshall, M.A. to the vicarage of All Saints cum St. Lawrence, in the borough of Evesham.

The Rev. P. Stell, B.A. fellow of King's College, Cambridge, to be domestic chaplain to the Duke of Leeds.

The Rev. J. Bligh, M.A. to the mastership of the free grammar school at Kimbolton.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

Professors appointed—*Greek Language, Literature, and Antiquities*:—George Long, Esq. A.M. fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, professor of Greek in the University College of Charlottesville, America. *Natural Philosophy and Astronomy*: The Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D., F.R.S.E. of Trinity College, Dublin. *Jurisprudence, including the Law of Nations*: John Austin, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, barrister at law. *English Law*: Andrew Amos, Esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister at law, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. *Political Economy*: John R. Mac Culloch, Esq. *Botany and Vegetable Physiology*: William Jackson Hooker, LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., professor of botany in the University of Glasgow. *Zoology*: Robert E. Grant, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S. *Anatomy and Physiology, Morbid and Comparative Anatomy, Surgery*: Charles Bell, Esq. F.R.S., F.L.S., professor to the Royal College of Surgeons; John Frederick Meckel, M.D., professor of anatomy and physiology in the University of Halle, in Saxony; Granville Sharp Pattison, Esq. late professor of anatomy and surgery in the University of Maryland, U.S. *Nature and Treatment of Diseases*: J. Conolly, M.D. *Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children*: David D. Davis, M.D. M.R.S.L. *Materia Medica and Pharmacy*: Anthony Todd Thomson, M.D. F.L.S. *On Engineering and the Application of Mechanical Philosophy to the Arts*: John Millington, Esq. F.L.S. civil engineer.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
July 13	64	72	56	30 22		Fine.
..... 14	65	71	52	.. 18		Fine.
..... 15	59	71	55	.. 10		Fine.
..... 16	64	70	59	.. 08		Fine.
..... 17	66	71	59	.. 08		Fair.
..... 18	64	70	55	.. 03		Fair.
..... 19	60	64	58	.. 00		Rain.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot allow authors to dictate to us the course which we should pursue in the review of their books.

We fear Janthis is inadmissible.

H. J. Z. and Yreffas are under consideration.

We thank the author of Field Flowers.

A. T.'s communication has been received. Such information is always acceptable.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: The Gipsy Lady, and other Poems, foolscap, 6s. 6d.—Brayley's Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Theatres of London, with plates, 4to. £2. 2s.—Thomson's Retreats, or Designs for Villas, 4to. £2. 2s.—Young's Elements of Geometry, 8s.—Edinburgh Annual Register, 1825, 18s.—Johnson's Tour on the Continent, 12mo. 6s.—Religio Militis, or Christianity for the Camp, 5s.—Herder's

Treatise upon the Origin of Language, 5s.—Pratt on Teaching Languages, 1s. 6d.—Dwarf of Esterbourg, two vols. 18s.—Cunningham's New South Wales, 16s.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.—The English Satirists; with notes and illustrations, to which will be prefixed, an Essay on English Satire; in 4 vols. 8vo. Also, Colburn, a Satire; with notes and illustrations, in 1 vol. pp. 800.—A System of Popular and Practical Science, by Dr. Brewster, of Edinburgh.—A Journal through Cordova, Tucuman, and Salta, to Potosi, thence by the Deserts of Caranja to Arica, and afterwards to Coquimbo, by Capt. Andrews.—A new edit. of Gray's valuable Supplement to the Pharmacopœia, including the new French Remedies, with numerous additions.—Also, the translation of Magendie's Formula, for the preparation and mode of employing the new French Remedies, including the additions in the fifth and last Paris edition.—The third edition of Principles of Forensic Medicine, by J. G. Smith, M.D.—At Copenhagen, a Baggasen's works, amounting to 16—18 vols.—Also, a work on the productions of Thorwaldsen, the eminent Danish sculptor; with a biographical notice, by J. Thiele, Librarian of the Royal Academy of Arts.—Now publishing, at Paris, a very useful work, Biographie Universelle et Portative des Contemporains, ou Dictionnaire Historique des Hommes célèbres de toute les Nations, morte et vivants, &c. with 250 portraits.

Among the interesting collection of autographs brought under the hammer, on Thursday, by Mr. Sotheby, was the original Scottish Covenant, or Confessions of Faith in 1638, written on parchment, containing the signatures of the most distinguished Covenanters, with a claim for the abolition of episcopacy, according to the resolution of the General Assembly, December, 1638, sold for £9. 19s. 6d.

This day is published, the second edition, of **TRAVELS through RUSSIA, SIBERIA, POLAND, AUSTRIA, SAXONY, PRUSSIA, HANOVER, &c. &c.** undertaken during the Years 1822, 1823, and 1824, while suffering from total blindness.

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